

THE CRITIC, And Journal of Literature.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous present, and to rally round it the young heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

TO OUR READERS.

THE appeal upon which we ventured in our last has been kindly responded to. We have received a multitude of communications, some approving a weekly publication, others recommending that it be not adopted until the close of the current volume. After due consideration given to the opinions on both sides, we are inclined to agree with those who counsel that there be no immediate change in the intervals of publication; THE CRITIC, therefore, will continue as at present to issue fortnightly until the completion of the present volume, at the least, and which we shall so arrange that it shall close with the coming year, the first of January being the season which custom has appropriated for the beginnings of volumes with periodicals. We are pleased to be enabled to announce a great and rapid increase of subscribers, although, for causes we cannot divine, THE CRITIC makes no progress with advertisements. We confess ourselves unable to comprehend the motive that leads a publisher to advertise in a provincial paper, with a circulation of 500, and to refuse his advertisements to such a journal as THE CRITIC, with a *bond fide* list of subscribers extending to every town and village in the United Kingdom, all of them book buyers, and comprising a large proportion of the libraries and public institutions in the kingdom, to whom such advertisements are especially addressed.

To the many correspondents who have inquired the cause of this, we can only offer the conjecture that a thoroughly independent review is an object of great jealousy, and that because we will not praise bad books, coming from great advertisers, they will do nothing that might help to increase the influence of THE CRITIC. So let it be. Perhaps the very independence that deprives us of advertisements may multiply readers, and a larger circle of the latter will enable us to exist without the former. At all events we can consent to live on no other terms than the liberty of plain-speaking, which has attracted so many subscribers, but angered so many advertisers.

PRINCIPLES AND POLICY OF YOUNG ENGLAND.

STRANGE notions are abroad regarding the personality of YOUNG ENGLAND, his doctrines and his designs. In pantomimes and in *Punch* he is represented as a coxcombical young gentleman with a profusion of whisker and a white waistcoat; the newspapers protest that he is identical with Puseyism, and that he entertains the mad-cap design of turning the chariot of old Time, and dragging back the world to some dreamy elysium of the middle ages. It is very commonly believed that YOUNG ENGLAND is comprised in some six or eight clever but crotchety members of Parliament, whose votes and speeches stand in striking contrast; whose principles are intelligible enough, but whose practice perplexes the observer by its manifold inconsistencies.

As soon as it was announced that THE CRITIC had become the Literary Journal of YOUNG ENGLAND, it was assumed that it was to speak the sentiments of Mr.

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NEW SERIES.—No. 10. VOL. I.

D'ISRAELI, or Mr. SMYTHE, or Mr. COCHRANE; and forthwith every proposition that has been propounded by each and all of these gentlemen, in books and speeches, lately or formerly, was affiliated upon us; we were made responsible for them, called upon to vindicate them, and overwhelmed with arguments against opinions we have never maintained. All this has arisen from the indefinite ideas of the personality of YOUNG ENGLAND floating in the public mind. Now let us assure our friends that he is not an individual nor a clique but the impersonation of a great and growing section of the community.

Mr. D'ISRAELI is not YOUNG ENGLAND, though he belongs to him, and is a part of him; and YOUNG ENGLAND is no more responsible for all Mr. D'ISRAELI's opinions than is Mr. D'ISRAELI for the opinions of Mr. B. COCHRANE, or for the language of Mr. FERRAND, or for the sayings or doings of any other person who may chance to agree with him upon certain great principles, political, social, or religious.

We have found it necessary thus early and emphatically to protest against the identification of YOUNG ENGLAND with any person, or clique, or journal. We are unwilling to be saddled with the contradictions and crotchets, nay, with the avowed principles of all who have distinguished themselves among the party that passes by the name. In the outline, it may be, we agree with them; we should subscribe to the same principle, and that principle is the distinguishing feature of YOUNG ENGLAND; but beyond this it would be unsafe and unwise to enter into a solemn league and covenant, with views not yet distinctly defined, and a policy that is rather for cautious experiment than for hasty decision.

Having thus stated what YOUNG ENGLAND is *not*, let us proceed to shew *what he is*, and to avoid continual repetition of a name, we crave permission to adopt the style of the Advocate, and so far to identify ourselves with our client and our cause as to plead in the first person plural.

In our origin we are a re-action from the utilitarian philosophy of the last half-century. We comprise "the new generation, the young heart, and hopes of the country." In our ranks are numbered all who believe that the tendency of modern legislation and society has been more conducive to wealth than to happiness, to the progress of machinery rather than to the advancement of MAN. We count as of us, those on whom has dawned the light of the great truth that a MAN, be he the veriest outcast of society, is, by right of his immortality, infinitely more important than the whole material world, nay, than a universe of worlds; that, being such, each individual human soul, whatever his social state, has a claim upon the respect, the regard, the care of every other human soul, of society, and of Government as the representative of society. We enlist under the banner of YOUNG ENGLAND all who feel that the tendency of legislation and of social manners and habits of late years has not been towards the advancement, mentally, morally, and physically, of MAN, but rather the depression of the individual, until he has ceased to be recognized otherwise than as a portion of the mass.

Thus viewed, the commercial *idea* (if an expressive Gallicism might be permitted) was, with a trading people, almost a necessary consequence; the masses were measured by their muscular powers—how much calico they could produce at the lowest cost; the sole aim was that the nation might become rich, with little thought bestowed upon the producers, and at what price to them the national wealth was to be won. We number as of our party those who admit that the consequence of this fundamental error has been such as might be expected to flow from it; increased wealth with diminished happiness; advanced mechanical skill, with declining morals; the few immoderately rich, the many piteously poor;

the nation powerful, the people prostrate; palaces rising like exhalations, but workhouses and jails starting up as fast, as if to remind us that there is something wrong in a society where the head and the hands are so very differently lodged. We claim as belonging to YOUNG ENGLAND—those who deem that the time is come for pausing in our career, contemplating our insecure because unnatural condition, and with proper caution amending our course or retracing our steps. We boast as ours those who hold that we must henceforth legislate more for the MAN and less for the mass, and that society must second the efforts of legislation.

Lastly, we claim as of us all who, holding that every man, down to the poorest, has a soul to be saved, and is largely gifted by God with faculties and tastes for the purpose of contributing to his exaltation in the scale of beings, as well as to his happiness in this world, requires that all innocent enjoyments, for which man is so endowed, shall be placed within the reach of every member of the community; that labour shall be fairly rewarded; work relieved by sports and pastimes; health preserved by exercise; the mind refined and refreshed by music and the creations of art, by the drama, and such like pleasures, which every human being is by nature fitted to feel, which all may enjoy and none enjoy the less, and which it is the duty and the interest of society to place within the reach of its members; and last, but not least, the culture of those religious emotions which the Creator, for obvious purposes, has implanted in the human heart.

This is the YOUNG ENGLAND of whom THE CRITIC is the organ and representative. We belong to no clique; perhaps we could not even specify articles of faith; for we own ourselves to be yet inquiring and learning. But we have indicated the principles by which we are directed, and, by God's help, we will put them into practice.

MISS MARTINEAU AND MR. SPENCER HALL ON MESMERISM.

MISS MARTINEAU has completed her series of *Letters in the Athenæum*; but as they contain no new facts, and are, indeed, little more than a defence of the science and of herself for believing it, we shall only take from them a few of the most striking passages.

She thus disposes of the objectors who say "Some practitioners of Mesmerism are impostors; it fails with some patients; therefore it is all a fallacy."

They see imposture (though much less than they suppose), and they very properly denounce and expose it.—They see failures, and laugh or are indignant, forgetting that a thousand failures do not in the least affect the evidence of one success in the use of a power not otherwise attainable. Putting aside all acts of pretended prevision and insight which could come within the range of chance, one act of prevision or insight stands good against any number of failures. The deniers see performances got up by itinerant Mesmerists—shows to which people are admitted for money—and they naturally express disgust; but this disgust applies not to Mesmerism, but to its abuse by the mercenary. They see manifestations, bodily and mental, which exceed all their experience and preconceptions of human powers and methods,—and even contradict them; for few of us are aware how human experience and preconception are perpetually awaiting correction and amendment for the future. They deny the cause and the means of such manifestations,—resort to extravagant suppositions of tortured persons assuming, against all inducements, an appearance of ease and enjoyment,—of honest people becoming sudden knaves, against reason, conscience, and interest;—of ignorant people being possessed of preternatural hidden knowledge;—of scores and hundreds of children taken from the street, of simple and ignorant men and women, in quiet homes, being all, invariably and without concert, found capable of such consummate acting, such command of frame and countenance, and fidelity to nature as were never equalled on the stage. They see the sick and suffering risen from the depths of disease, and enjoying health and vigour; and when it is not possible to deny the disease or the recovery (which, however, is attempted to the last moment), they

give an old name to the agency,—call it Will or Imagination, and suppose they have denied Mesmerism. And so, when they see the lame walk, and the deaf hear, they talk of "predisposing causes," "efforts of nature," and consider the matter disposed of. Extravagant theorists there are indeed connected, in more ways than one, with Mesmerism; it is a fault common on every hand; but assuredly the wildest theorists of all are they who assume many moral impossibilities in order to evade a fact before their eyes. Of the infinite ingenuity of denial all have enjoyed displays who, like me, have been raised up by Mesmerism. We all hear, from one side or another, that we were getting well a year ago, and would not exert ourselves;—that long tried medicines began to act weeks or months after they were discontinued; that our diseases went away of themselves; that we are mistaken in believing ourselves well now; that it is not Mesmerism, but will in the Mesmerist, and imagination in ourselves, that has given us health. It is easy enough, if it were worth while, to answer these,—to bring evidence that we were ill at such a date, and shew that we are well now;—to ask whether it is probable that in twenty or fifty cases of deep and hopeless disease, there should be "an effort of nature," apart from Mesmerism, at the very moment that Mesmerism is tried, and to ask what "an effort of nature" means; to point out that if will and imagination can really make the deaf and dumb hear and speak, disperse dropsies, banish fever, asthma, and paralysis, absorb tumours, and cause the severance of nerve, bone, and muscle to be unfelt, we need not quarrel about words:—let these blessed results be referred to any terms you please: only, in that case, some new name must be found for the old understood functions of the imagination and the will.

The importance of a careful and serious investigation of Mesmerism by educated and thoughtful men is thus urged, and it would be difficult to put forth a more powerful appeal on behalf of the society whose Prospectus appears in our advertising columns, than the following:—

Let the savans really inquire, and combine to do so. Experiment is here, of course, the only means of knowledge. Instead of objecting to this, that, and the other theory (all, probably, being objectionable enough), let all thought of theory be put away till at least some store of varied facts is obtained under personal observation. Few individuals have the leisure, and the command of Mesmerists and patients necessary for a sound set of experiments. Though some see reason to believe that every human being has the power of exciting, and the susceptibility of receiving, mesmeric influence; and thus a course of experiments might seem easy enough, it is not so, any more than it is easy for us all to ascertain the composition of the atmosphere, because the air is all about us. Many and protracted conditions are necessary to a full and fair experiment, though brief and casual feats suffice to prove that "there is something in Mesmerism." Under the guidance of those who best understand the conditions,—the brave pioneers in this vast re-discovery,—let the process be begun, and let it be carried on till it is ascertained whether a sound theory can or cannot be obtained. To ask for such a theory in the first place is an absurdity which could hardly be credited but for its commonness. "Tell me what Mesmerism is first, and next what it pretends to, and then I will attend to it," has been said to me, and is said to many others who, declaring Mesmerism to be true, have no theory as to its nature—no conjecture as to the scope of its operations. Some ask this in ignorance, others as an evasion. Wise inquirers will not ask it at all, till a vast preparatory work is achieved, which it is both unphilosophical and immoral to neglect. There are hospitals among us, where it may be ascertained whether insensibility to extreme pain can be produced. There are sufferers in every one's neighbourhood, whose capability of recovery by Mesmerism may be tested. And in the course of such benevolent experiments, the ulterior phenomena of Mesmerism will doubtless occur, if they exist as commonly as is pretended. Let experience, carefully obtained, be wisely collected and philosophically communicated. If found untrue, Mesmerism may then be "exploded,"—which it can never be by mere ignorant scorn and levity. If true, the world will be so much the better. When we consider that no physician in Europe above forty years of age when Harvey lived believed in the circulation of the blood, we shall not look for any philosophical inquiry into Mesmerism from established members of the profession, whose business it is to attend to it; but, happily, the young never fail. There is always a new generation rising up to emancipate the world from the prejudices of the last, while originating new ones; and there are always a few disinterested, intrepid, and contemplative spirits, cultivating the calm wisdom and bringing up the established convictions of the olden time, as material for the enthusiasm of the new, who may be relied on for maintaining the truth till they joyfully find that it has become too expansive for their keeping. The truth in question is safe, whether it be called Mesmerism, or by another and a better name.

Miss MARTINEAU indignantly and properly denounces the making a public exhibition of Mesmerism. She warns those who study it against the dangers of *theorizing too soon*, of too rashly asserting curative powers.

Her own opinion of its importance to mankind is thus avowed :—

I will say little on one head, of which much is said to me—the tendency of the early holders of any discovery, or re-discovery, to overrate its influence on human affairs. The tendency is natural and common enough; and time alone can prove whether there is folly in the believers in Mesmerism being so excited and engrossed as they are by what they see and learn. I am in too early a stage of the investigation to be able to say any thing that ought to be of weight on this head. I can only declare, while knowing myself to be in as calm, quiet, and serious a state of nerves and mind as I am capable of being, that I think it a mistake to say that Mesmerism will become merely one among a thousand curative means, and that it will not produce any practical changes in the mutual relations of human beings. From what I have witnessed of the power of mind over body, and of mind over mind, and from what I have experienced of the exercise of the inner faculties under the operation of Mesmerism, I am persuaded that immense and inestimable changes will take place in the scope and destiny of the individual human being on earth, and in the relations of all. If it were proposed as an abstract question, every one must admit that the human lot on earth might and must be incalculably altered by the bestowment on human beings of a new faculty, and also by such an exaltation of any existing faculty as must entirely change its scope and operation. The case is the same, if any occult inherent faculty becomes reachable—educible; and there are not a few subjects of Mesmerism who know that either this is the case, or that an existent faculty is exalted above their own recognition. Of these, I am one.

It is somewhat singular that the *Athenæum*, in whose columns these letters have appeared, promises to answer them; and as then THE CRITIC will be left alone to fight the battle, we hope in our next to adventure a reply.

We cannot close without laying before our readers some passages from a communication made to the *Atlas* by Mr. SPENCER HALL, in which he relates some striking cures which he had effected through the agency of mesmerism. We select a few cases reported by the newspapers of Newcastle. The *Tyne Mercury* says :—

We are not going to discuss with Mr. Hall or his opponents the question, as to whether the mind may have only one or as many as one hundred organs; or whether the sanative influence by which he performs his mesmeric cures be moral, nervous, magnetic, or all three; but we should, as public journalists, be ill performing our duty were we to pass over in silence the cures themselves, some of which, in this town and neighbourhood, are of a very striking character, and can be well attested by numbers of credible witnesses, whose names are in our possession. Indeed, we have not been without ocular demonstration of Mr. Hall's sanative power as a Mesmeriser, in private as well as in public; and we feel compelled to acknowledge that, however startling some of his experiments may have been at the lecture-room, those we have seen on highly respectable parties in private are not less so. To enumerate a few of them.

A few evenings since we had the pleasure of introducing Mr. Hall to a near relative of ours, who had been suffering dreadfully during the whole day, and, indeed, for the last six months, from a violent spasmodic affection of the side, accompanied by pain in the head. He threw the patient into a deep and calm mesmeric sleep, for about a quarter of an hour, and when restored to vigilance, no vestige of the pain remained; she was well and comfortable as if nothing had previously ailed her! The sceptical may ridicule this if they choose; but candid men will not repudiate the evidence of their own senses, because others may think it wise and philosophical to doubt.

I would refer you to the Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Newcastle, and the Rev. Mr. Benson, of Chichester (both gentlemen exceedingly well-known), as to the fact that they were present, with some other gentlemen, at my lodgings in Newcastle, about the same time, when by the mesmeric process a poor woman (who had never seen me before) was enabled to go away lifting up her hand to her head, or opening and closing it with pleasure, although she had not previously seen the inside of that hand for six years, and had not been able to use her arm at all during that period. Lord Jocelyn, Captain Weatherley, and many of the most respectable inhabitants of the town were present, and heard Mr. Benson declare this at one of my public *conversations*.

Mr. William R. Cowan, Aunetwell-street, Carlisle, had for many years been subject to a remarkable contraction of the left leg with rigidity of the knee-joint, consequent on a severe attack

of neuralgia, the original symptoms of which had been removed by strichnyne. He was unable to press his foot to the ground, wore a high-heeled boot, and walked limpingly with a stick. I never mesmerised this gentleman, or scarcely spoke to him except in public; the first time being in the presence of the late Mayor, the present Mayor, and a most numerous respectable audience, at the Athenæum. When Mr. Cowan was in the mesmeric sleep, I stretched the leg without pain to him, and then directed some lively music to be played, when he got up and danced as gracefully as ever I saw a man dance in my life. When awoke he was oblivious of all that had been done, but his leg remained the same as when in the sleep; he could stamp with it almost as powerfully as with the other; the only inconvenience remaining about it was his high-heeled boot, which he had to get altered. The last time I saw him he was walking very comfortably without his stick. *A thousand of the most intelligent inhabitants of Carlisle can bear witness to the above fact, as well as to the following, and to nearly twenty others equally conclusive.*

Elizabeth Nicholson, aged 17, is known to the Rev. Mr. White, of Carlisle. She came to me on Monday, August 5th, exceedingly deaf. For four years she had not heard thunder, and had abstained from attendance at a place of worship because she could not hear the service. I threw her, by the ordinary method of passes over the head and eyes, into the mesmeric sleep, and she awoke much better. Next day I mesmerised her once in the morning, and again at night, before a large audience, at the Athenæum, Mr. White himself being publicly called upon to preside, and to test the improvement in the girl's hearing, which he did very scrupulously; and it was now found that she could distinctly hear and reply to a minute whisper, uttered behind her. I mesmerised her again on the 9th (four days from the first operation), when she declared herself cured, and able to hear as well as she could wish.

LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

The Reformers before the Reformation. The Fifteenth Century. John Huss and the Council of Constance. By EMILE DE BONNECHOSE, Author of "Histoire Française," "Histoire Sacrée," "Christophe Sanval," "La Mort de Bailly," "Prize Poem awarded by the French Academy," &c. Translated from the French by CAMPBELL MACKENZIE, B.A. Trin. Coll. Dublin. Whyte and Co. Edinburgh, and Longman and Co. London. 1844.

THE staunch supporters of the extreme claims of the Papacy must, we have often thought, at times felt their conclusions troubled by the recollection of the coincidence, that immediately after the Papacy had reached its highest greatness, and most successfully asserted its claims, the religious state of Europe most sensibly declined, and the ecclesiastical body itself became the prey to the greatest disorders. The power was abused for temporal ends; the wealth and the kingdoms of this world were sought for; disunion crept in, while no one of the contending parties had a higher claim to the respect of Europe than the other. Each new Pope during the fatal schism swore at his election to exert himself to the utmost to put an end to the contest, and the members of the church saw with regret, that the splendour of the tiara soon blinded each successive wearer to the duty of fulfilling his promise. The simony, corruption, and other evils then prevalent, are fully proved by Romanist writers,—CLEMANGIS, D'Ailly, GERSON,—and, indeed, every memorial of the latter part of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century bears witness to the same sad truths. All Europe demanded some end to these evils,—the quelling of the schism, and the reformation of the church, "in its head, and its members!" For this the famous Council of Constance was assembled.

The translator of the work before us deserves our best thanks for having, just at this juncture, put before the public the best popular work upon the origin, proceedings, and results of that Council.

By what that council did, as well as by what it left undone, it was the unwilling and unintentional promoter of the great cause of the Reformation. It asserted and fixed on a sure basis the superiority of general councils to the Pope, and consequently indirectly denied his infallibility. It violated, or caused the violation of a solemn promise of safety, for the purpose of avenging the deadly blows which JOHN HUSS had

inflicted upon the fabric of ignorance, tradition, and superstition, by his appeal to the Scriptures, and his demands for purer conduct in the ecclesiastical body. It solemnly declared that no promise was to be kept with a heretic. It announced to all thinking men that tradition was more to be revered than Scripture, when it denied that, although Christ instituted, and the primitive Christians adopted the sacrament in both kinds, yet the cup was to be withheld from the laity. It did not reform the glaring abuses; it did not curtail, in any material respects, the power of the clergy; it did not lessen their facilities of amassing wealth; it did not shew itself superior to the aggrandizement of their own order. Even GERSON, when in vain he endeavoured to persuade men to condemn, as contrary to the faith, the audacious positions of JEAN PETIT, in defence of the murder of the Duke of ORLEANS by JEAN-SANS-PEUR, Duke of BURGUNDY, said, "Every one will say that the errors of HUSS were condemned because they were contrary to the interests of the priesthood, and that those of JOHN PETIT are respected because they were only prejudicial to the secular body and kings."

But we pause. The subject is too vast for a mere passing notice such as the demands upon our columns can alone allow, and we must return to the book itself. The title certainly tends to mislead; and should rather have been "John Huss and the Council of Constance." Its contents are thus stated by the author:—

This work, in an historical point of view, is intended to make the great religious movement which took place in Europe a century before the Reformation better known and more justly appreciated. It embraces a period of seventy years,—from the beginning of the Great Schism of the West in 1378, to the end of the war of the Hussites, towards the middle of the following century. The principal doctrines which divided Europe during that memorable period are exposed to view, and the illustrious men who originated or defended them are carefully depicted.

We shall describe the famous quarrels of the Schism; the struggle of the Popes with each other; that of the Emperor, the Kings, and the Councils against the Pontiffs; the proceedings of the Gallican Church and of the University of Paris; the persevering, and, for a time, victorious efforts of the men who represented both one and the other against the partisans of the Papal omnipotence; and the scenes for ever to be deplored, in which the great doctors of Bohemia perished.

Theological differences were then accompanied by the flames of funeral piles and the shock of arms: a place is reserved in the work for these gloomy pictures. The reader will there find the combats of words to be succeeded by those of the sword, and men of learning and piety, the Husses, D'Ailly's, and Gessons, to be followed by men of blood and war, the Ziskas and Procopiuses.

DE BONNEHOSE has evidently read with care LENFANT'S accurate and impartial history of this Council; but he has further succeeded in giving a lively picture of the varied scene in that eventful conclave. In reading his pages you feel yourself listening to the great reformer's words. You see SIGISMUND with the blush of shame mantling on his cheeks; you perceive within the walls of the same dungeon the inoffensive and heroic martyr; and John XXIII., charged with every crime, deposed and condemned. Your admiration is excited by the generous sympathy of the manly Bohemian noble JOHN DE CHLUM as shewn especially in the two following passages:—

"John Huss," said the Cardinal of Cambray, "I have heard you affirm that if you had not come to Constance of your own free will, neither the Emperor nor the King of Bohemia could have forced you to do so." "Reverend father," replied Huss, "what I said was, that there were in Bohemia many nobles who wished me well; and that they could have kept me, and concealed me in such a manner, that no person could constrain me to come to Constance, not even the King of Bohemia, or the Emperor himself."

At this answer, the Cardinal of Cambray grew crimson with anger, and exclaimed, "Do you hear the audacity of this man?"

The assembly murmured, and a commotion arose amongst the members, when John de Chlum resolutely stood forward, and dared to defy the emperor himself in order to succour his friend. "John Huss," said he, "has spoken well. I am but an insignificant person in Bohemia, compared with many others; and yet, if I had undertaken it, I should engage to defend him for a year against these great sovereigns! What, therefore, would they have done who are far more powerful than I, and who possess impregnable fortresses?"

And in the following affecting interview:—

It is worthy of remark—and it is not one of the least striking proofs of the justice of Huss's cause—that, at the very time that his enemies, as if alarmed at their triumph, were calling on him to live, by escaping from the sentence which they had pronounced against him, his friends were exhorting him to persevere to the end, and die. The Emperor, in the hope that their wishes would coincide with his own, prayed John de Chlum and Wenceslaus Duba to accompany four bishops, whom he had charged with the task of persuading John Huss to submit. He thought it more than probable that Huss would listen to their representations. They repaired to the refectory of the Franciscans, where Huss was brought before them. John de Chlum first addressed him.

"Dear master," said he, "I am not a learned man, and I deem myself unable to aid you by my counsels; you must, therefore, decide yourself on the course which you have to adopt, and determine whether you are guilty or not of those crimes of which the council accuses you. If you are convinced of your error have no hesitation—be not ashamed to yield. But if, in your conscience, you feel yourself to be innocent, beware, by calumniating yourself, of committing perjury in the sight of God, and of leaving the path of truth through any apprehension of death."

The extracts from the letters of the great forerunner of LUTHER, the humble and forgiving martyr, which display his character fully to Englishmen, who remember with just pride that WICKLIFFE was his earthly teacher in the truth, cannot fail to afford still deeper interest. Here, too, we have the particulars of the trial and condemnation of HUSS's early follower, JEROME of Prague, who, like our own CRANMER, wavered before the terrors of death, and, like our own CRANMER, was enabled finally to triumph over his weakness, and lay down his life cheerfully in the service of his God.

The subsequent proceedings of the council are also detailed, so far as they are material to give a distinct view of the state of the church at that time, and the necessity for a reformation of the evils which had resulted from the plans which had been introduced by the INNOCENTS, BENEDICTS, and BONIFACES, to swell the coffers of the papal treasury. This necessity was recognized, but unfortunately the fatal step was taken of choosing the pope before reforming the church. And how little was done may be easily seen by a comparison of the plans of the Reformatory College, and the actual alterations contained in the bulls and concordats of MARTIN V.

Our author pithily says—

The Reformatory College demanded less than Christendom; the council, in its fortieth session, applied for less than the college; the Pope offered far less, again; and he gave less than he offered. As far as reforms were concerned, the reality was demanded, but the shadow was scarcely given; for the plan presented by the Pope to the council, in the beginning of the year 1418, only comprised the reform of the high clergy and of the Roman court, and, in most points, it emasculated the resolutions of the Reformatory College.

We can only refer to the latter part of the work for the interesting account of the Bohemian war, under the terrible ZISKA, and of the Moravian Brethren, whose peaceful and inoffensive habits so strangely contrast with those of their warrior forefathers. We cordially recommend the work; and the translation, notwithstanding a few Gallicisms which may be detected, also deserves our praise for its ease and spirit. In conclusion, we give the account of the election of MARTIN V.:—

The names of the fifty-three electors, of whom twenty-three were cardinals, and thirty deputies of the nations, were read aloud. The council also provided by some decrees for the liberty and validity of the new election, by pronouncing dreadful penalties against any one that should attempt to trouble it by violence. It besides prohibited to pillage the house of him who was elected,* and suspended all business during the election. The very same day the electors entered the conclave.

They proceeded there in great pomp, and when they arrived in front of the cathedral they kneeled down, whilst the Patriarch of Antioch came forth from the church in his pontifical habits, and, at the head of all his clergy, advanced towards them, and gave them his benediction. They then arose, and directed their steps towards the conclave.

The exchange, or public meeting-place of the merchants, had been disposed for this object. Fifty-three chambers had been constructed there, in such a way as that no light could enter from the exterior: all the windows, except one, had been walled

* This savage act was repeated at each new election of a sovereign pontiff, under the pretext that the elected, thenceforward possessing everything, no longer wanted any of his former property.

up, so that the electors were obliged to enter by the light of flambeaux. The emperor stood at the entrance, and gave the hand to each as he shewed him in, conjuring him to elect the most worthy. He administered to all a solemn oath that they would choose a pope remarkable for piety, of good morals, capable of reforming the Church, and well inclined to do so. Having done this, he withdrew, and the conclave was securely locked.

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* November 11, St. Martin's Day.

inflicted upon the fabric of ignorance, tradition, and superstition, by his appeal to the Scriptures, and his demands for purer conduct in the ecclesiastical body. It solemnly declared that no promise was to be kept with a heretic. It announced to all thinking men that tradition was more to be revered than Scripture, when it denied that, although Christ instituted, and the primitive Christians adopted the sacrament in both kinds, yet the cup was to be withheld from the laity. It did not reform the glaring abuses; it did not curtail, in any material respects, the power of the clergy; it did not lessen their facilities of amassing wealth; it did not shew itself superior to the aggrandizement of their own order. Even GERSON, when in vain he endeavoured to persuade men to condemn, as contrary to the faith, the audacious positions of JEAN PETIT, in defence of the murder of the Duke of ORLEANS by JEAN-SANS-PEUR, Duke of BURGUNDY, said, "Every one will say that the errors of HUSS were condemned because they were contrary to the interests of the priesthood, and that those of JOHN PETIT are respected because they were only prejudicial to the secular body and kings."

But we pause. The subject is too vast for a mere passing notice such as the demands upon our columns can alone allow, and we must return to the book itself. The title certainly tends to mislead; and should rather have been "John Huss and the Council of Constance." Its contents are thus stated by the author:—

This work, in an historical point of view, is intended to make the great religious movement which took place in Europe a century before the Reformation better known and more justly appreciated. It embraces a period of seventy years,—from the beginning of the Great Schism of the West in 1378, to the end of the war of the Hussites, towards the middle of the following century. The principal doctrines which divided Europe during that memorable period are exposed to view, and the illustrious men who originated or defended them are carefully depicted.

We shall describe the famous quarrels of the Schism; the struggle of the Popes with each other; that of the Emperor, the Kings, and the Councils against the Pontiffs; the proceedings of the Gallican Church and of the University of Paris; the persevering, and, for a time, victorious efforts of the men who represented both one and the other against the partisans of the Papal omnipotence; and the scenes for ever to be deplored, in which the great doctors of Bohemia perished.

Theological differences were then accompanied by the flames of funeral piles and the shock of arms: a place is reserved in the work for these gloomy pictures. The reader will there find the combats of words to be succeeded by those of the sword, and men of learning and piety, the Husses, D'Ailly's, and Gessons, to be followed by men of blood and war, the Ziskas and Procopiuses.

DE BONNECHOSE has evidently read with care LENFANT'S accurate and impartial history of this Council; but he has further succeeded in giving a lively picture of the varied scene in that eventful conclave. In reading his pages you feel yourself listening to the great reformer's words. You see SIGISMUND with the blush of shame mantling on his cheeks; you perceive within the walls of the same dungeon the inoffensive and heroic martyr; and John XXIII., charged with every crime, deposed and condemned. Your admiration is excited by the generous sympathy of the manly Bohemian noble JOHN DE CHLUM as shewn especially in the two following passages:—

"John Huss," said the Cardinal of Cambray, "I have heard you affirm that if you had not come to Constance of your own free will, neither the Emperor nor the King of Bohemia could have forced you to do so." "Reverend father," replied Huss, "what I said was, that there were in Bohemia many nobles who wished me well; and that they could have kept me, and concealed me in such a manner, that no person could constrain me to come to Constance, not even the King of Bohemia, or the Emperor himself."

At this answer, the Cardinal of Cambray grew crimson with anger, and exclaimed, "Do you hear the audacity of this man?"

The assembly murmured, and a commotion arose amongst the members, when John de Chlum resolutely stood forward, and dared to defy the emperor himself in order to succour his friend. "John Huss," said he, "has spoken well. I am but an insignificant person in Bohemia, compared with many others; and yet, if I had undertaken it, I should engage to defend him for a year against these great sovereigns! What, therefore, would they have done who are far more powerful than I, and who possess impregnable fortresses?"

And in the following affecting interview:—

It is worthy of remark—and it is not one of the least striking proofs of the justice of Huss's cause—that, at the very time that his enemies, as if alarmed at their triumph, were calling on him to live, by escaping from the sentence which they had pronounced against him, his friends were exhorting him to persevere to the end, and die. The Emperor, in the hope that their wishes would coincide with his own, prayed John de Chlum and Wenceslaus Duba to accompany four bishops, whom he had charged with the task of persuading John Huss to submit. He thought it more than probable that Huss would listen to their representations. They repaired to the refectory of the Franciscans, where Huss was brought before them. John de Chlum first addressed him.

"Dear master," said he, "I am not a learned man, and I deem myself unable to aid you by my counsels; you must, therefore, decide yourself on the course which you have to adopt, and determine whether you are guilty or not of those crimes of which the council accuses you. If you are convinced of your error have no hesitation—be not ashamed to yield. But if, in your conscience, you feel yourself to be innocent, beware, by calumniating yourself, of committing perjury in the sight of God, and of leaving the path of truth through any apprehension of death."

The extracts from the letters of the great forerunner of LUTHER, the humble and forgiving martyr, which display his character fully to Englishmen, who remember with just pride that WICKLIFFE was his earthly teacher in the truth, cannot fail to afford still deeper interest. Here, too, we have the particulars of the trial and condemnation of HUSS's early follower, JEROME of Prague, who, like our own CRANMER, wavered before the terrors of death, and, like our own CRANMER, was enabled finally to triumph over his weakness, and lay down his life cheerfully in the service of his God.

The subsequent proceedings of the council are also detailed, so far as they are material to give a distinct view of the state of the church at that time, and the necessity for a reformation of the evils which had resulted from the plans which had been introduced by the INNOCENTS, BENEDICTS, and BONIFACES, to swell the coffers of the papal treasury. This necessity was recognized, but unfortunately the fatal step was taken of choosing the pope before reforming the church. And how little was done may be easily seen by a comparison of the plans of the Reformatory College, and the actual alterations contained in the bulls and concordats of MARTIN V.

Our author pithily says—

The Reformatory College demanded less than Christendom; the council, in its fortieth session, applied for less than the college; the Pope offered far less, again; and he gave less than he offered. As far as reforms were concerned, the reality was demanded, but the shadow was scarcely given; for the plan presented by the Pope to the council, in the beginning of the year 1418, only comprised the reform of the high clergy and of the Roman court, and, in most points, it emasculated the resolutions of the Reformatory College.

We can only refer to the latter part of the work for the interesting account of the Bohemian war, under the terrible ZISKA, and of the Moravian Brethren, whose peaceful and inoffensive habits so strangely contrast with those of their warrior forefathers. We cordially recommend the work; and the translation, notwithstanding a few Gallicisms which may be detected, also deserves our praise for its ease and spirit. In conclusion, we give the account of the election of MARTIN V.:—

The names of the fifty-three electors, of whom twenty-three were cardinals, and thirty deputies of the nations, were read aloud. The council also provided by some decrees for the liberty and validity of the new election, by pronouncing dreadful penalties against any one that should attempt to trouble it by violence. It besides prohibited to pillage the house of him who was elected,* and suspended all business during the election. The very same day the electors entered the conclave.

They proceeded there in great pomp, and when they arrived in front of the cathedral they kneeled down, whilst the Patriarch of Antioch came forth from the church in his pontifical habits, and, at the head of all his clergy, advanced towards them, and gave them his benediction. They then arose, and directed their steps towards the conclave.

The exchange, or public meeting-place of the merchants, had been disposed for this object. Fifty-three chambers had been constructed there, in such a way as that no light could enter from the exterior: all the windows, except one, had been walled

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visited him for the last time, saying, 'I now come to release you; here is a letter to a friend of mine in London, who knows nothing of your crime, and will give you immediate employment. Here is money,' added he, putting a purse into his hand, 'to support you till your quarter's salary becomes due.' He then conducted him out of the house, unseen by any one. This benevolent treatment awakened the gratitude and effected the reformation of the young man, who is now a person of highly respectable character." Such was the result of kindness in this case.

This anecdote of the originals of DICKENS's delightful brothers Cheeryble, will be read with interest:—

The Cheeryble Brothers, though described and existing in a fictitious work, are said to be but the representatives of a firm of merchants who live in England, and are full of excellent deeds and the warmest kindness. The following noble fact concerning these truly good men nobly shews the power of the law, "Overcome evil with good." It is related in a paper published in Manchester.

"The elder brother of this house of merchant princes amply revenged himself upon a libeller who had made himself merry with the peculiarities of the amiable fraternity. This man published a pamphlet, in which one of the brothers

D.) was designated as 'Billy Button,' and represented as talking largely of their foreign trade, having travellers who regularly visited Chowbent, Bullock-Smithy, and other foreign parts. Some 'kind friend' had told W. of this pamphlet, and W. had said that the man would live to repent of its publication. This saying was kindly conveyed to the libeller, who said that he should take care never to be in their debt. But the man in business does not always know who shall be his creditor. The author of the pamphlet became bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his, which had been indorsed by the drawer, who had also become bankrupt. The wantonly-libelled man had thus become creditors of the libeller. They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt laws, except one.

"It seemed folly to hope that the firm of 'Brothers' would supply the deficiency. What, they, who had cruelly been made the laughing-stock of the public, forget the wrong, and favour the wrong-doer! He despaired; but the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-room of the wronged. W. was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, 'Shut the door, Sir!' sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant.

"'You wrote a pamphlet against us once!' exclaimed W. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire; but this was not its destination. W. took a pen, and writing something on the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see there 'rogue, scoundrel, libeller,' inscribed; but there was, in fair, round characters, the signature of the firm! 'We make it a rule,' said W. 'never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard you were any thing else.' The tear started into the poor man's eyes.

"'Ah!' said W. 'my saying was true. I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat; I only meant that some day you would know us better, and would repent you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now.' 'I do, I do,' said the grateful man. 'Well, well, my dear fellow,' said W. 'you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?' The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. 'But how are you off in the meantime?' And the answer was, that having given up every thing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even common necessities, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. 'My dear fellow,' said W. 'this will never do—your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow—nay, don't cry—it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you

will raise your head yet.' The overpowered man endeavoured in vain to express his thanks—the swelling in his throat forbade words; he put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child."

Here we discover the proper result of kindness. If these truly good men had pursued a different course—if they had treated that unfortunate man with harshness—if they had refused to sign his certificate—how different would have been the consequences. His energies would have been crushed, hope would have deserted him, and, perchance, like multitudes beside him, he would have fallen into intemperance and vice, and ended his days in prison.

The influence of kindness has been strikingly exhibited in the treatment of the *insane*.

In the management of *criminals* it has been proved to be singularly efficacious. "It is," says Mr. MONTGOMERY, with perfect truth, "the genial dew to fertilize the barren heart, the key to unlock the hidden feeling, the magnet to attract the love of the hardened soul."

JOSEPH HOLT, who was transported for the part he had taken in the Irish Rebellion, was employed on an estate where he was appointed overseer over forty-five convicts, and his kindness completely changed the characters of these men, who were not to be kept in order by severity. He tells us that his master one day said to him,

"Pray, Joseph, how is it that you never have to bring your men to punishment? You have more under you, I believe, than any man in the colony, and, to the surprise of all, you have never had one flogged, or indeed have made a complaint against one. They look well, and appear contented, and even happy." "Sir," said I, "I have studied human nature more than books. I had the management of many more men in my own country, and I was always rigidly just to them. I never oppressed them, or suffered them to cheat their employers or each other. They knew, if they did their duty, they would be well treated, and if not, sent to the right about. I follow the same course with the men here. . . . I should think myself very ill qualified to act as your overseer, were I to have a man or two flogged every week. Besides the horrible inhumanity of the practice, the loss of a man's week or fortnight's work will not be a trifle in a year at twelve and sixpence per week; for a man who gets the cat is incapable of work till his back is well; so, in prudence, as well as in Christian charity, it is best to treat our fellow-creatures like men, although they may be degraded to the state of convict slaves."

After Mrs. Fry had instituted her benevolent inquiries, and introduced her reforms in the management of the female convicts in Newgate, the Grand Jury made this report:—

After enumerating the blessings produced by the actions of Mrs. Fry and her friends, the report says, "If the principles which govern her regulations were adopted towards the males as well as females, it would be the means of converting a prison into a school of reform; and instead of sending criminals back into the world hardened in vice and depravity, they would be repentant, and probably become useful members of society." In this case we have a full exhibition of the law of kindness. And the results produced were not only unexpected, but they prove that when Christ said, "love your enemies," he uttered a precept divine in its nature, and holy in its influence, never failing, when rightly exercised, to subdue the hardest heart, and to reform the most abandoned sinner. Oh, how well might the words in reality be addressed to Mrs. Fry, which are put in the mouth of a depraved female, who, in Boz's *Oliver Twist*, is represented as saying to a lovely girl whose kindness had melted her into tears—"Oh, lady, lady," she said, clasping her hands passionately before her face, "if there was more like you, there would be fewer like me—there would—there would!"

America has produced her full share of such philanthropists. Here is one.

The wonderfully successful friend of criminals, Captain

Pillsbury, of the Weathersfield Prison, has worked on this principle, and owes his success to it. His moral power over the guilty is so remarkable, that prison-breakers who can be confined nowhere else, are sent to him to be charmed into staying their term out. I was told of his treatment of two such. One was a gigantic personage, the terror of the country, who had plunged deeper and deeper in crime for seventeen years. Captain Pillsbury told him when he came, that he hoped he would not repeat the attempts to escape which he had made elsewhere. "It will be best," said he, "that you and I should treat each other as well as we can. I will make you as comfortable as I possibly can, and shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will not get me into any difficulty on your account. There is a cell intended for solitary confinement, but we have never used it, and I should be sorry ever to have to turn the key upon any body in it. You may range the place as freely as I do, if you will trust me as I shall trust you." The man was sulky, and for weeks shewed only very gradual symptoms of softening under the operation of Captain Pillsbury's cheerful confidence. At length information was given to the captain, of this man's intention to break prison. The captain called him, and taxed him with it; the man preserved a gloomy silence. He was told that it was now necessary for him to be locked up in the solitary cell, and desired to follow the captain, who went first, carrying a lamp in one hand and a key in the other. In the narrowest part of the passage, the captain (who is a small, slight man) turned round and looked in the face of the stout criminal. "Now," said he, "I ask you whether you have treated me as I deserved? I have done every thing I could think of to make you comfortable; I have trusted you, and you have never given me the least confidence in return, and have even planned to get me into difficulty. Is this kind? And yet I cannot bear to lock you up. If I had the least sign that you cared for me—" The man burst into tears. "Sir," said he, "I have been a very devil these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man." "Come, let us go back," said the captain. The convict had the free range of the prison as before. From this hour he began to open his heart to the captain, and cheerfully fulfilled his whole term of imprisonment, confiding to his friend, as they arose, all impulses to violate his trust, and facilities for doing so which he imagined he saw.

And again.

"Captain Pillsbury is the gentleman who, on being told that a desperate prisoner had sworn to murder him, speedily sent for him to shave him, allowing no one to be present. He eyed the man, pointed to the razor, and desired him to shave him. The prisoner's hand trembled, but he went through it very well. When he had done, the captain said, 'I have been told that you meant to murder me, but I thought I might trust you.' 'God bless you, sir! you may,' replied the regenerated man. 'Such is the power of faith in man.'"

Another no less convincing.

When Major Goddell took charge of the state prison at Auburn, N. Y. he was told that there was one particular convict, who was such a desperate villain, that he could not be kept in subjection except by the lash. The first time Major Goodell met this convict, was in the yard of the prison. He spoke to him kindly, inquired of his situation, where he came from, when he entered the prison, and whether he was comfortable. The major then told the convict what he had heard concerning the necessity of checking his iron and revengeful conduct by the lash—how he had been informed that there was no other method of keeping him in awe. "Now," said the major, "I do not believe this. I believe that you can and will obey the rules of the prison, without incurring severe whipping. I am placed over this prison to keep you at work, and prevent you from escaping—to see that the punishment contemplated by the laws for crime is executed. But I also wish to be your friend—to make you just as comfortable as your situation will permit. In return, I expect that you will be a friend to me, by obeying the rules of the prison and by performing your duty." All this, and much more, spoken in a kind tone and manner, softened the feelings of the convict, so that he was soon in a perfect gush of tears. Nor was this all: from that day forward it was not necessary to strike him a blow, for there was not a more faithful convict in the prison.

The history of slavery produces numerous instances of the power of kindness to subdue evil and win affection.

And we have no doubt that the secret of its power is, that man, notwithstanding his degradation, his wars and vices, possesses principles at the very foundation of his nature, which are as certainly influenced by a proper exhibition of kindness as the needle of the compass is influenced by magnetism. There is good in man; and the instances are multitudinous which demonstrate the existence of that good. Take man in any situation, whether civilized or uncivilized, saint or sinner, exalted or degraded, surrounded by all the blessings of knowledge and comfort, or crushed by oppression, yet there is a chord in every soul, which, when swept by the finger of kindness, will vibrate with the music of holier and better feelings. A foreman in the New York State Prison, in Auburn, informed me that he has known a dozen convicts at once affected to a perfect gush of tears by the mere sight of his little son, when he has taken him into the workshop. By seeing that boy, perchance recollection brought vividly to view what they once were in the days of their childhood—or their thoughts stole away to children of their own, whose society they had forfeited by crime, and who were thereby left without a father to guide and instruct them. The sleeping affection of their minds was aroused by that child; and in their falling tears of sorrow was manifested the truth, that man, though hardened by crime, never entirely loses the divinity of good within him.

Nor is the law of kindness applicable only to the conduct of individuals; it may be employed with equal effect by nations, and especially in their legislation, which too often violates it. Severity hardens instead of reforming, and the sight of executions stimulates to crime.

One fact is alone sufficient to demonstrate this truth. The Rev. Mr. Roberts, of Bristol, put the inquiry to one hundred and sixty-seven persons, who were under sentence of death at different times, and all of whom he visited, whether *they had ever witnessed a public execution*. The result was, that one hundred and sixty-five of them had been spectators in the crowds gathered on such occasions. The following instance is quoted by Dick, from the *Schoolmaster in Newgate*. "One morning a boy," who appears to have been previously in the habit of pilfering, "came into his father's room, and seeing nothing to eat for breakfast but bread and butter on the table, he said, 'What! nothing for breakfast? Ah! wait a bit!' He then went out, and in a quarter of an hour came back with some steaks and a pint of rum, besides having money in his pocket. He had gone out and stolen a piece of Irish linen from a shop on Ludgate-hill, took it to a buyer of stolen goods, and bought the articles he had brought home, all in the short space of fifteen minutes; and this was not an uncommon thing for him to do, although his parents were not in need. The boy was at length transported, when he was only fourteen years of age. He subsequently detailed to me all his practices, and how he got into crime. His parents resided in a court running out of the Old Bailey, and he had witnessed every execution which had taken place during his short career. So much for the effect of executions, as supposed to deter from crime; indeed, most of the boys engaged in crime appear to have a great pleasure in attending executions."

Punishments should be regulated by the principle of kindness and not of revenge; they should be administered with the sole purpose of reformation.

Kindness blesses him who gives as well as him who receives. From many interesting illustrations of this we select one recorded of Aaron Burr:—

The substance of it is as follows:—When Burr was in the height of his prosperity, he, on one occasion, while travelling in Western New York, saw in a tavern where he happened to stop, what appeared to be an excellent line-engraving. The landlord informed him that it was executed with a pen, by a stupid boy, who was his apprentice at blacksmithing, and whom he expected he could do nothing with. Burr, discovering the native talent of the boy, endeavoured to obtain him, but his master, suspecting that he had some secret valuable power about him, refused to part with him. When Burr left, he whispered to the boy to come to New York city, inquire for

Aaron Burr, and he would be taken care of. Soon after, when Burr had forgotten the circumstance, the boy presented himself, and was assisted by his benefactor. He then went abroad, and became the celebrated Vanderlyn, who, in Paris, acquired honour and a good share of this world's goods. After Burr had fallen from his greatness and was expelled from the country, he was met in France in poverty by Vanderlyn, who received him with deep gratitude, took him to his dwelling, and for a long time cherished and sustained him with the utmost attention and kindness. By his benevolence to that poor boy, Burr laid up a treasure, which, in after-days of want and sorrow, returned to him with great increase, the more prized from the fact, that it came unexpectedly in the time of need, when almost every one had forsaken him.

A chapter on the character of Christ, shewing how the whole life of the Redeemer was a practical illustration of the law of kindness, concludes this delightful essay, which ought to be distributed in a still cheaper form by the tract societies. No house should be without it; it should be read in every school; it will please the old, charm the young, and benefit all; and it is so full of anecdote and interest, that when taken up it is with reluctance that it is laid down again.

For us, moreover, it possesses this further charm, that the principles it so eloquently sets forth are precisely those which form the foundation of the policy of YOUNG ENGLAND. It is one of the objects of THE CRITIC, on all fit occasions, to exhort to the practical carrying out, in the treatment of the poor, and in social life, the LAW OF KINDNESS.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life, Progresses, and Rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth, &c., to his capture and execution, with a full account of the Bloody Assize, and copious Biographical Notices. By GEORGE ROBERTS, author of the "History of Lyme Regis." In two vols. London, 1844. Longman and Co.

FEW names fill so large a space in history with so little pretension to the character of a hero as that of the Duke of MONMOUTH. His memory is yet loved, his untimely end deplored, as if some "bright particular star" had been suddenly banished from its sphere. Upon him were centred the hopes of a people; men came and flung themselves at his feet; the strong drew their swords in his service; the weak prayed for blessings upon his brow; the young and the fair encouraged him with their presence; sovereignty was within his grasp more than once; and yet he failed—ignominiously failed—because he wanted almost every element in the character of a hero—the good sense necessary for the beginning, and the moral and physical courage essential to the conduct of great and hazardous achievements. He was womanish and weak, a poltroon in spirit, ambitious, but wanting the virtues that make ambition respectable; and his end was well merited, for no man has a right to undertake revolutions who has not previously calculated the chances, and prepared himself to encounter, without fear or faltering, whatever of difficulty and danger will beset the pathway to his object.

The life of the Duke of MONMOUTH has, therefore, in itself, but few claims upon the attention of the reader. The weakness and vacillation of the man, his entire unfitness for the position into which fortune had cast him, are from the beginning so apparent, that Englishmen, who are wont to set so high a value upon courage, or rather so much to despise the want of it, very soon cease to feel an interest in the fate of one who exhibits throughout his career a lamentable deficiency of the qualities requisite to sustain the position to which he dared aspire. Defeat is from the first seen to be the inevitable result; nor would any be tempted to linger upon the pages that record the story of such a life, but for the general interest of the drama in which he played the most conspicuous part. Mr. ROBERTS's volumes will be read with eagerness and profit, but it will be for the light which his industrious researches among ancient records, hitherto untouched by the historian, have enabled him to throw upon the other features of

the times—the condition of the people, the state of public feeling, the manners and modes of life prevalent among classes whom it is the fashion with the historians of nations entirely to neglect. For this Mr. ROBERTS will receive the thanks of those who have begun to recognize the fact that MAN is a loftier title than any patent of nobility, and to be the heir of an eternity a prouder heritage than kings can boast. Since this great truth has been glimmering in the popular mind, there is a manifestly growing tendency to make History what it should be—the history of MEN, and not merely that which hitherto it has been, a history of KINGS and COURTIERs. Mr. ROBERTS's *Life of the Duke of Monmouth* is one of the firstfruits of the spreading truth; his hero is indeed the Duke, but his regards are given to the groups of lesser people by whom he was surrounded.

As these volumes abound in material both new and attractive, we shall go through them leisurely, confident that our subscribers will not complain if we should be obliged twice or thrice to continue a notice so replete with pleasant reading and valuable information.

JAMES, Duke of MONMOUTH, was a natural son of CHARLES the Second, by LUCY WALTERS. He was born at Rotterdam on the 9th of April, 1649. JAMES II. always questioned his paternity. "The knowing world as well as myself," he says in one of his letters, "had many convincing proofs to think he was not the King's son, but ROBERT SYDNEY'S." But CHARLES never doubted, and loved him with great affection. His mother was afterwards abandoned by her royal lover, and resigning herself to a life of profligacy, died early and wretchedly.

The boy was taken in charge by Lord CROFTS, whose name he assumed; but he was soon afterwards noticed by the Queen Dowager, to whom the secret of his birth had been imparted, and with her he lived for some time.

He was first instructed in the Roman Catholic religion, but on a change of tutors, by order of the King, his faith was changed, and he became a Protestant.

At the age of twelve he was extremely handsome, and the King began to take public notice of him, and to treat him as a son. This was sufficient to excite the jealousy of JAMES, who naturally trembled for his inheritance.

While he was yet a child, a match was negotiated with the only daughter of the Duke of BUCCLEUCH, deceased, a little girl not yet ten years old. To further this alliance, the King created him Earl of DONCASTER and Duke of MONMOUTH. The children were affianced. In 1665, the Duke, then only 16, was present at the naval fight of Lowestoffe, under the command of the Duke of York, and the same year he was married to his betrothed.

On the death of MONK, Duke of ALBEMARLE, in 1670, MONMOUTH succeeded him as Captain-General of all the King's forces. At this time his personal appearance is thus described in the lively *Mémoires de Grammont*. We extract the translation of the passage.

His face and the exterior graces of his person were such, that nature has perhaps never formed any thing more accomplished. His countenance was altogether charming; it was a manly countenance, without any thing insipid or effeminate; notwithstanding, each feature had its beauty and peculiar delicacy. A wonderful disposition for all sorts of exercise, an attractive address, an air of greatness, in fine, all the personal advantages spoke in his favour; but his mind said not one word for him. He had no sentiments but those which were given him by others; and those who from the first insinuated themselves into his familiar acquaintance, took care to inspire him only with pernicious ones. This dazzling exterior was that which struck at first. All the good looks of those at court were extinguished by his, and all the great matches at his service. He was the King's greatest delight; but he was the universal terror of husbands and lovers. That, however, did not last; nature had not given him all that is required to captivate hearts, and the fair sex perceived it.

The Duke appears to have been a sort of WATERFORD of those days, only a little more barbarous. Sir JOHN COVENTRY having in the House of Commons, in a debate on the theatres, passed upon the King a jest more witty than polite, MONMOUTH sent a party to waylay him, by whom he was severely beaten, his nose slit to the bone, and he was left for dead. And spite of the censure passed by the Parliament and the public, he soon afterwards attacked the watch and killed

one of them, and was only saved from a charge of murder by the King's pardon.

It was in the year 1670, when the Duke was just 21, that the people began to look to him as a rival of JAMES, whose Popish principles rendered him very obnoxious, and from this period may be dated the rise of his ambitious schemes.

In 1672, he proceeded, at the head of 6,000 volunteers, to join LOUIS of France, and he appears in this war really to have shewn some symptoms of valour. At all events he received the warm commendations of the French monarch. Honours awaited him at home. He was made Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and he took upon himself the thankless task of attempting some reformation in the practices of the clergy, who had begun to wear their hair and periwigs of an unorthodox length, and to read their sermons. At the same time a "No Popery" panic spread through the nation, and he began to be styled by a party, "The Protestant Duke." Soon afterwards he was appointed to the Lord Lieutenancy of Stafford, war was proclaimed with France, and the Duke marched against his former friends. The memorable Popish Plot came to add still further to the terror of the Protestants. It was then that the rumour of MONMOUTH's legitimacy was first set afloat; but the King took instant measures to suppress it, by publicly declaring that he had never married any woman but the Queen. The Duke of YORK prudently retired from the storm at home to Brussels, leaving MONMOUTH and his party in possession of the public ear, and wielding the power of the House of Commons.

The result was the Bill for excluding the Duke of YORK from the succession; a measure, doubtless, having as an ultimate design the substitution of MONMOUTH. But the King interposed with a dissolution of Parliament, and frustrated the scheme. Just then there was an outbreak of the Scotch Covenanters, and MONMOUTH was despatched with authority to suppress it. He was successful, and the kindness with which he treated the rebels increased his popularity.

The Duke would not let the dragoons pursue and massacre those as (Oldmixon calls them) Protestants. The Duke of Lauderdale's faction complained of this checking the dragoons. The same historian adds, that the Duke of YORK talked of Monmouth's expedition to Scotland as a courting the people there, and their friends in England, by his sparing those that were left alive; and that Charles himself said to Monmouth, "If I had been there, we would not have had the trouble of prisoners." The Duke answered, "I cannot kill men in cold blood, that's work only for butchers." The prisoners who promised to live peacefully were set at liberty; the others, about 270, were transported to our plantations, but were all cast away at sea!

The Duke of Lauderdale's creatures pressed the keeping the army some time in Scotland, with a design to have them eat it up; but the Duke of Monmouth sent home the militia and put the troops under discipline, so that all the country was sensible he had preserved them from ruin. The Duke asked the King to grant an indemnity for what was past, and liberty to the Covenanters to hold their meetings under the King's license; but these softening measures fell with Monmouth, and rage and slaughter again reigned when the Duke of YORK obtained the government of Scotland.

On his return he was addressed by some of his flatterers with the title of "Highness," and shortly afterwards the King was taken ill. CHARLES's conscience pricked him for his treatment of his brother, and he dreaded the growing popularity of MONMOUTH. The King sent for his son, and required him to resign his office of Lord General, and retire for a time to the Continent. The Duke flew into a passion, and answered disrespectfully; but upon consultation with his friends, he determined to obey, and he withdrew to Utrecht, on the 24th of September, leaving behind him the reputation of a martyr to the Protestant cause. "Upon quitting Whitehall," says a journal of the day, the people viewed him "with sighs and flowing tears, as if they would have made the tide swell greater than it was." While in Holland he had an interview with WILLIAM. In the meanwhile a vigorous anti-Catholic agitation was kept alive by SHAFESBURY and his party at home.

But MONMOUTH could not endure the insignificance of exile; he entreated permission to return, and being refused, ventured to come back without leave. The people were mad with delight, and illuminations and public rejoicings followed; but the King was very indignant, and having ordered him to

quit the realm forthwith, on refusal, MONMOUTH was stripped of his offices. The people sided with him, and petitioned in his favour. CHARLES, in great alarm, recalled the Duke of YORK. The agitation increased; the courtiers were insulted at the theatres; MONMOUTH was feted and flattered everywhere; he supped publicly with the Lord Mayor of London, and the aldermen drank his health on their knees. The King then published a formal declaration that he had never been married to MONMOUTH's mother, a document which inflicted a severe blow upon him and his party.

The attempt to make a son of Lucy Walter's king of England, was alike offensive to the pride of the nobles, and to the moral feeling of the middle class. The old cavalier party, the great majority of the landed gentry, the clergy, and the universities almost to a man, began to draw together, and to form in close array round the throne.

We enter now upon the interesting portion of MONMOUTH's career—his incipient rebellion. It was in the summer of the year 1680, while the whole country was agitated by political and religious discussions, that he set forth upon his memorable progress through the west of England. Of this excursion MR. ROBERTS has collected the amplest details, and from these we shall select the most curious. DRYDEN, in his *Absalom and Achitophel*, has thus described the arts by which the duke sought popularity in this progress.

Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fired with near possession of a crown,
Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;
On each side bowing popularly low:
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus formed by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.

He first went into Wiltshire, and thence he passed into Somerset.

From Longleat the Duke of Monmouth went to White Lackington House, the seat of George Speke, Esq., in which progress he was caressed with the joyful acclamations of the country people, who came from all parts twenty miles about, the lanes and hedges being everywhere lined with men, women, and children, who, with incessant shouts, cried, "God bless King Charles and the Protestant Duke." In some towns and parishes through which he passed, they strewed the streets and highways where he was to pass with herbs and flowers, especially at Ilchester and South Petherton, others presenting him with bottles of wine.

As the Duke passed through Ilchester with some thousands on horseback, Whiting the quaker stood with many others of the same sect, with their hats on, in the Friary Gate. The Duke, taking notice of so many quakers, stopped, and took off his hat to them. One friend, John Anderdon, had a mind to speak to his Grace, but had a stop in his mind, lest there should be an ill use made of it, in applying to him, and making him too popular; the Court having a watchful eye over Monmouth. Friend Whiting, speaking for himself and companions on this exciting occasion, is chargeable with being sensible of the "sweet regard of princes." Though the friends kept clear of the court spies, they owned, "however, they could not but have a respect to the Duke for his affability."

When the Duke came within ten miles of White Lackington House, which is one mile distant from Ilminster, he was met by two thousand persons on horseback, whose number still increased as they drew nearer to Mr. Speke's. When the company arrived there, they were computed to amount to twenty thousand. To admit so large a multitude, several perches of the park paling were taken down. His Grace, his party and attendants, took refreshment under the famed sweet Spanish chesnut tree, now standing, which measures, at three feet from the ground, upwards of twenty-six feet in circumference. The old branches have been mostly removed by the ravages of time, but there are others attached to the stock which produce large timber, as well as a quantity of fruit every year.

He proceeded to Brompton and thence to Barrington Court. At Chard he was met and welcomed by a crowd of men, women, and children. At Hinton Park an incident occurred well calculated to foster the popular faith in his legitimacy.

While at Mr. Speke's, Sir John Sydenham, of Brimpton House, before mentioned, treated the Duke of Monmouth to a junket at the White Lodge in Hinton Park, distant about three miles. Sir John had married Lord Poulett's aunt, and sister of

the first Lord Poulett, who had served against the Parliament. None of that family appear to have connected themselves with the country party, and so escaped future evils. The Earl Poulett was a minor. While in Hinton Park, Elizabeth Parcet, who had heard of the festive party, made a rush at the Duke of Monmouth, and touched his hand. She was a martyr to the king's evil, and had received no benefit from the advice of surgeons, nor even from a *seventh son*, to whom she had travelled ten miles. After touching the Duke, all her wounds were healed in two days. A hand-bill was circulated in folio, setting forth this marvellous cure; and a document, signed by Henry Clark, minister of Crewkerne, two captains, a clergyman, and four others lay, at the Amsterdam Coffee-house, Bartholomew-lane, London.

This is an important incident in the progress. The few that had doubts of Monmouth's being the heir to the crown (the Duke of York being of course presumed to be incapacitated) felt them removed. Much publicity was given to this cure. The divine gift of healing the scrofula or *king's evil*, was supposed to be inherent in the legitimate kings of England, and in them only; in the seventh son of a seventh son, and in the hand of a man that had been hanged.

The duke next proceeded to Colyton and Otterton, and thence to Exeter, where he was met by 20,000 of the citizens.

But that which was more remarkable was the appearance of a brave company of stout young men, all clothed in linen waistcoats and drawers, white and harmless, having not so much as a stick in their hands. They were in number about nine hundred or a thousand. They went three miles out of the city to meet his Grace, when they were drawn up on a little hill, and divided into two parts; in which order they attended the Duke's coming, who, when he came, rid up first between them and then round each company; after which they united, and went hand in hand, in order, before the Duke, into the city, where he was no sooner arrived, but a universal shout from all parts echoed forth his welcome; the numerous concourse of people, the incredible and amazing acclamations, and the universal joy which then filled the whole city, far exceeding the art of my pen to describe.

Returning to Mr. Speke's he visited Clifton-house, on the way, and then went back to London, wonderfully pleased with the noble and generous entertainment he had met with.

The Exclusion Bill was again brought forward and supported by MONMOUTH, and party spirit ran higher and higher. But the tide seemed to be turning in favour of the court. MONMOUTH was insulted in a church at Tunbridge Wells; the University of Cambridge petitioned the king to remove him from being their chancellor, and they burned his portrait, and the Duke of YORK was invited to dine in the city. A proposal was then made to the king for a reconciliation with his son, but in terms so insolent that they were indignantly rejected. Whereupon the Duke resolved upon a second progress through the discontented counties of Lancashire and Staffordshire, Worcestershire, and Cheshire, the pretence being to take the air, and divert himself with horse-races.

His reception by the lower classes was not less enthusiastic than it had been in the West; but from the gentry he met a very indifferent greeting. Spies accompanied him everywhere, and his minutest doings were instantly conveyed to the Court. The Rev. MATTHEW FOWLER thus wrote of him: "A person of quality (none of the wisest) came to be gazed on by a foolish rabble of no quality."

'YOUNG ENGLAND' has only followed the example of MONMOUTH in its patronage of country sports.

On one occasion, the Duke spent some time in playing at bowls with some gentlemen of the county. His Grace ran two foot-races of about twelve score (yards?), in person, with a gentleman, first stripped, then in boots; and beat him both times. He gave five guineas to young men to play for at prison-bars, a game only heard of now amongst young people. This was the game of gentlemen four centuries ago.

His progress was abruptly concluded by a warrant from the Secretary of State for his apprehension. He was arrested at Stafford while dining at a mercer's, with many persons of rank from that and the neighbouring counties.

MONMOUTH returned to London in custody, and there suing out a *habeas corpus*, he was released upon recognizances. The Court was now fully alive to the danger, and resolved upon vigorous measures for the suppression of the incipient rebellion. SHAFTESBURY seeing this fled to Holland. MONMOUTH, probably not displeased to be rid of his able but selfish colleague, chose for his cabal "a Council of Six," and

there seems to be little doubt that thence proceeded the famous Rye-House Plot. On the discovery of this conspiracy MONMOUTH and his allies fled, and a reward of 500*l.* was immediately offered for his apprehension.

While prosecutions were being instituted against those who had been taken, HALIFAX, from political motives, endeavoured to restore MONMOUTH to favour, and some entries in a pocket-book kept by the Duke while in his lurking-place, shew the plotting and counter-plotting that was proceeding on all sides.

"Oct. 13. L (the Marquis of Halifax?) came to me at eleven at night from 29 (the King). Told me 29 (the King) could never be brought to believe I knew any thing of that part of the plot that concern'd *Rye House*; but as things went, he must believe himself as if he did believe it, for some reasons that might be for my advantage. L (Marquis of Halifax?) desir'd me to write to 29 (the King), which I refus'd; but afterwards told me 29 (the King) expected it: and I promis'd to write to-morrow, if he would call for the letter at S. L (M. of Halifax?) show'd a great concern for me, and I believe him sincere; though 3 is of another mind."

An entry made the following day completes the account of the despatching the letter:—

"Oct. 14. L (Marquis of Halifax?) came as he promised, and received the letter from 3, sealed, refusing to read it himself, though I left it open with S for that purpose."

MONMOUTH addressed a penitent letter to the King, who was induced to meet him privately at the house of Major LONG, in the city. He lectured him severely, but kindly, and left him with hope, but without a promise of pardon. The Duke's entry of this singular interview is as follows:—

"Oct. 25. L (M. of Halifax) came for me to —, where 29 (King) was with 80. He received me pretty well; and said 30 and 50 were the causes of my misfortunes, and would ruin me. After some hot words against them and against S, went away in a good humour."

And again,

"Nov. 4. I came and found 29 (the King) and L (M. of Halifax) there. He was very kind, and gave me directions how to manage my business, and what words I should say to 39 (Duke of York). He appointed 80 to come to me every night, till my business was ripe, and promised to send with him directions from time to time."

"November 9. L (M. of Halifax?) came from 29 (the King), and told me my business should be done to my mind next week; and that Q (the Queen) was my friend, and had spoken to 39 (Duke of York) and D (Duchess of York?) in my behalf; which he said 29 (the King) took very kindly, and had express'd so to her. At parting, he told me there should be nothing requir'd of me but what was both safe and honourable; but said there must be something done to blind 39 (Duke of York)."

The King was anxious to pardon, but desired the assent of the Duke of YORK. To obtain this, MONMOUTH addressed a second letter specially fitted to mollify the latter. An interview between the three was appointed. The Duke threw himself at the King's feet, made a full confession, received a pardon, and returned to the Court a dishonoured man; and that nothing should be wanting to his humiliation, the *Gazette*, by royal command, announced to the world his confession, his penitence, and his pardon!

His allies being brought to trial, MONMOUTH was subpoenaed as a witness against them. This was worse infamy than he could submit to; so he withdrew to the Continent, visiting Brussels and Berlin, but still keeping up a correspondence with the King. He then privately returned to England, with what ultimate design is not known, though it was suspected that CHARLES had contemplated devising to him the Crown. If such a project was ever formed, it was defeated by the almost sudden death of the Monarch, and accession of JAMES.

And here we must pause for the present, promising to renew this very interesting biography.

SCIENCE.

Vital Magnetism; a Remedy. By the Rev. THOMAS PYNE, A.M., Incumbent of Hook, Surrey. London, 1844. Highley.

WE had purposed to devote this paper to an account of the phrenological phenomena developed in the three cases of which we have given detailed particulars in preceding numbers of

THE CRITIC. But since our last publication another case has accidentally fallen in our way yet more satisfactory and interesting, if that be possible, than those already described.

As we are now addressing a very much larger circle of readers than formerly, to many of whom our previous articles upon this topic are probably unknown, it may be desirable to state that the following case, as well as those previously recorded, were not only witnessed, but discovered by the writer, the patients being members of his own family or immediate connections, and therefore beyond all suspicion of imposture or mistake. THE CRITIC distinctly pledges itself to the strict truth of every particular which it has narrated; and although, for obvious reasons, we have not mentioned names, any assurance that can be privately given, or any further information, will be readily afforded to any person feeling an interest in the subject, and desirous to satisfy himself that these cases are *bonâ fide*.

The new case which we have to record occurred to us during a recent visit to the country. The patient was a young man, aged eighteen, in good health. He was entirely ignorant of phrenology. He was the son of a respectable farmer, had received a decent education, and was apprenticed at a manufactory. The first trial with him was entirely successful. He was thrown into the trance in about five minutes, by pointing the finger at his eyes. He exhibited all the phenomena described in the former cases, but many new and strange ones; and, to avoid needless repetitions, we shall limit our description to these latter.

He was the most *sensitive* patient we have ever seen. He could not endure the presence of any other person than the mesmerizer, and when a third party came nearer to him than the person *en rapport* with him, he immediately expressed the most resolute signs of annoyance, nor would he rest until the adverse influence was removed.

We stood at a distance of some five or six yards from him, and without the slightest motion indicative of such a command, silently *willed* in our mind that he should rise. In less than a moment, though with expressions of great reluctance, he rose from his chair, and came to us. On our asking him why he came, he persisted that we had called him. We may note here that the same reply is returned by all patients raised from their seats; they always persist that they are called!

Anxious to try the truth of stories we had heard, that the mesmeric influence, like magnetism, will operate even through walls, we went into the room adjoining that in which the patient was sleeping, and going to the other side of it, a distance of twelve or fourteen yards from the patient, with a wall interposed, we made the proper passes. In less than a minute he rose and advanced in the direction in which we were standing, until the wall stayed his further progress.

The remarkable phenomena of transference of sensation were exhibited by him more completely and satisfactorily than in any of the previous cases. When we stood at the distance of four yards from him, he *instantly* tasted whatever we put into our own mouth. We stood behind him, yet no sooner was the sugar upon our tongue than he smacked his lips, and exclaimed, "Good! good! sugar!" We changed it to vinegar, and as instantly he spat and spluttered, and made wry mouths. A physician who was present to witness the case, the first he had ever seen, and which, we may add, completely convinced him, put into his mouth some medicine, and placed himself *en rapport* with the sleeping youth. The effect was immediate. He exhibited the same signs of disgust, as if the nauseous compound had been in his own mouth, and in answer to our inquiry what troubled him, he said it was a mixture of nasty tastes that made him sick. Salt, pepper, and wine were recognized by him in like manner.

At two or three yards' distance he felt acutely a pinch inflicted upon our arm. It was curious, when we were pinched or struck, to see him instantly writhe and rub his arm as if he had been hurt in the same spot. And so when our hair was pulled, he felt a twinge on his own head.

It has been asserted by some, that whenever there is a transference of sensation there is, on the part of the patient, an entire loss of his own sensibility. This is not so, at least as a general rule, for this young man, though feeling acutely whatever we felt, was himself very sensitive to pain, and shrank from the slightest pinch.

The effects of the metals upon him were very curious. He

grasped iron with such eagerness that it was impossible to wrench it from him. But touch it with another metal and it was yielded instantly—nay, thrown away. For instance, we placed the poker in his hand; he grasped it tightly, nor would he leave his hold; we took a gold ring, and touched the other end of the poker with it. Almost ere actual contact, he flung down the poker with a cry, rubbed his hands, and exclaimed that he was burnt, and he felt the pain as of a burn for some hours afterwards. We placed a bunch of keys in his hands. He seized them with avidity, nor would he give them up to us: but when we touched the point of one of the keys with gold, he threw them from him as if they had been made red-hot.

We observed that with him fur had the same effect as with the lady whose interesting case was described in the last CRITIC. He could not endure the touch of it; it almost convulsed him; and its influence, whatever it be, was, equally with that of gold, transmitted through a bar of iron, for on touching the poker with fur he flung it away as hastily as he had done when it was touched by the ring.

Silver produced no effect, nor did copper. But he shrank from the touch of glass.

Another singular, and to the spectator very striking experiment, was this. We made two or three passes over the arm of the chair in which he sat, and placed his arm upon it. Forthwith his arm became as if glued to it; we could remove it by main force, but it flew back precisely as the steel flies to the magnet. It could only be released by breathing upon it. In like manner we fixed his head to the back of the chair, and on motioning him to rise, it was very strange to see how all beside of his body moved to obey us, while the head remained as if it were bound by a chain to the chair, and when we asked him why he did not come, he exclaimed, "You have tied down my head."

He exhibited all the phrenological developments in great perfection. But we defer the account of these to the narrative we are about to present of the results of our investigations in all the cases that we have recorded. By thus reviewing them together we shall prevent much tiresome repetition.

This case differs from the three preceding ones in this, that the patient here was entirely unconscious when he awoke of any thing that had occurred in the trance. The others have a perfect recollection of all that is said and done, and are able to describe minutely their own sensations.

It should be observed that these are the results of two trials only. From a patient so sensitive as at the first to exhibit such rare phenomena, many valuable discoveries may be anticipated.

On the first occasion he was slightly *clairvoyant*—on the second, he was very much so. At the first trial he correctly stated the positions of every person in the room, even of those behind him. On the second, we resolved to proceed with more deliberation than we had been wont to do. We had observed that he continually answered our questions appealing to his powers of lucidity with "I must think about it," "I cannot tell you yet," "You confuse me," and such like. This satisfied me that as we do not understand the conditions under which their knowledge is obtained, we try them unfairly by expecting an immediate reply. We resolved, therefore, on the second trial, to be slow, to give time for the condition, whatever it is, to be performed, to cheer and encourage, and, as it were, bring out the patient's powers. The result more than answered to our expectations. The faculty grew more and more vivid, and we have no doubt, by judicious management, it would, ere long, be as powerful as any that has ever been known. On the second trial, we asked him if he could go with us to our house in town and to our chambers in the Temple. He replied in the affirmative. Then we travelled in thought to both, and he described them both with so much general accuracy as to assure us that it was not a guess. We then held a book behind his chair; he told us that it was a book, its colour, green. We turned to an engraving; he said you are looking at a picture; but he could not describe any of the objects in it—it was an engraving. We then took a coloured drawing of Glastonbury Abbey, and held it behind his chair. "What am I looking at?"—"A picture." "What is it?"—"Ruins." Again we took the portrait of a dear friend, the change being made behind his chair, and so silently that he could not have known that there had been a change,

much less what, out of twenty objects within reach, we had taken up. "What have I now?"—"A picture." "What is it?"—"A young lady." He was right. We changed again. "What have I now?"—"A globe." Right. "What now?"—"A box." "What's its colour?"—"Red." Right again. We asked him to read in this position; but this he could not accomplish.

We remarked a curious circumstance in this, that he could not recognize the subject of an engraving, though coloured prints, and indeed all coloured objects, he perceived and described instantly. Was this a defect in him or in us? Did we or did he perceive with the mind's eye, the one dimly and the other distinctly? This is a problem we should like to solve. It deserves to be investigated by the Society.

It may be as well to add, that up to the moment of his being mesmerized he had been suffering through the day from a severe toothache. We bethought us of asking him, while in the trance, what we should do to cure it for him. He told us to make passes over it. We did so. The pain departed, nor has he felt it since.

He was awakened in less than a minute by the usual process. He described himself as much refreshed and benefited by the operation, and we have since heard from him that he has felt better and stronger than before, and is anxious to be subjected again to the influence.

We hope that the Society will bring him to town for the purpose of investigating his remarkable case with systematic experiments. He is willing to wait upon them for such a purpose without remuneration, on payment of his expenses only; for he is as anxious as any one of us that the mystery of his condition should be explored. We hope, therefore, often again to have occasion to bring his case under the notice of our readers.

The little volume whose title appears above is a contribution from a clergyman who has made a study of Mesmerism, and satisfied himself that it is fraught with blessings to mankind. He prefers to call it by the name of VITAL MAGNETISM, as being that by which it is commonly designated upon the Continent, and more descriptive of the science than *Mesmerism*; and we are inclined to agree with him.

After a brief history of *Vital Magnetism*, Mr. PYNE, though deprecating efforts to theorise until more facts have been accumulated, strangely enough proceeds to throw out a sort of theory, or rather hints for a theory of his own. We therefore pass this portion of the volume, and extract, as probably interesting to our readers, the instructions so explicitly laid down for the process of magnetising, and for the correctness of which we can vouch.

But, to go on to another subject, this little treatise would scarcely be complete without a brief indication of the best method of magnetising. This appears to be, first, to place the patient opposite to the magnetiser, in an easy position, and such as each can retain; then to put the points of the fingers upon, and of the thumbs under, the shoulders, but at a short distance from them; from thence to draw the palms thus held gently down the arms to the hands, which should be taken in such a manner that the points of the thumbs of the magnetiser may touch the points of the magnetised person's thumbs, and the tips of the fingers, the palms of the hands. The eyes should be directed to the eyes of the patient, who should look, without staring, at the magnetiser. Meanwhile, the magnetiser should will the convalescence of the patient, and feel as though an emanation passed from the one frame to the other. The knees and feet may be in proximity or contact; and the position should be kept till an equality of temperature is established between the parties. The first signs of the power will be shewn in acts of gentle deglutition by the patient, then by tranquil sighs; the eyelids will fall, and, perhaps, the eyeball will be, with a slight convulsion, raised. The magnetiser now withdraws his hands, and, with the points of the fingers, makes passes at a distance down the frame, following the great circle of the nerves, and pointing at times to the feet. No upward passes must be made, for this, in some cases, undoes what is done, and, in others, has been known to injure.* The mind of the operator must be kept steady throughout, and fixed on the patient, and no emotion in the latter must rob him of his calm desire to do good. Should any hysterical symptoms come on, it will be well to demagnetise, which is done by counter-passes, viz., by bringing the back of the hands together, and then suddenly separating them transversely; this should be repeated from the head to the trunk, and to any limb

* Teste mentions a person being made to retch for months by these retractions from the stomach to the mouth.

affected with rigidity. Should this not be sufficient, blowing in the eyes, introducing a current of air, or waving a handkerchief across the face, will succeed. In no case should a magnetised person be violently disturbed, and in general it will be found well to leave nature spontaneously to resume her activity. Water breathed upon, or with passes made over it, may at times be sent to a distance, and will usually increase the activity of the force; and various substances may, in a similar way, be impregnated with the magnetic energy. In particular complaints the remedy should be applied locally, and it is not always needful to be near the parties to affect them, six feet and six inches being of little perceptible account in the intensity of the operation. It is thought that silk is a non-conductor, and some magnetisers have stood upon a stool of glass.

The operation is universally described to be as pleasant as it is beneficial; and I never knew any one properly affected by it, who did not desire to be tried again.

Finally, no experiments, as such, should be attempted; and magnetism should never be practised by any except by persons of a mature judgment, and (as disease may be otherwise thus communicated) by such as are blessed with health and freedom from hereditary tendencies.

The cases collected in the subsequent chapters may be reserved for a future opportunity.

Homœopathy Unmasked. By A. WOOD, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., &c. Edinburgh, 1844.

Of all the sciences or arts which the ingenuity of man has devised or discovered, medicine is the one in whose territory quackery makes, even in our own enlightened times, the greatest ravage. No sooner is the enemy driven from one outpost than he attacks another. No sooner are amulets, talismans, the royal touch, and the Stahlia,—mechanical and chemical theories of a more modern period gathered each to the ashes of its predecessor, than hydropathy and homœopathy spring up, phoenix-like, from their ashes, and renew with energy the assault.

True it is that the progress of education has so far enlightened the minds of all as to hinder any from being imposed upon by the vulgar superstitions which held their forefathers in bondage, and to require a *system*, supported at least by a semblance of argument, to entrap even the unwary; but this, we must allow, quackery has produced and supplied in homœopathy, a bait well calculated "to impose on minds of a higher calibre than those of the little vulgar who were the victims of Dr. SOLOMON and Mr. LIGNUM. Nay, we will allow that it far outvies in ingenuity the petty contrivances of MORRISON, ST. JOHN LONG, and PREISNITZ. Unequivocal marks, however, of its consanguinity with quackery discover themselves at every step, notwithstanding the disguise of science which it assumes."*

The more subtle, however, the enemy one has to deal with, the more credit is there in vanquishing him, and ably has our author, one of the most rising lecturers in the Edinburgh school of medicine, fulfilled the task he has undertaken.

It would evidently be out of place to balance in the scales of THE CRITIC the various arguments employed by Dr. WOOD, be it against the law "*similia similibus curantur*," against their much-vaunted cures, or against the absurdities and contradictions of the infinitesimal dose system. Those interested in the subject we must refer either to the work itself, or to two very able articles in the *Northern Journal of Medicine*, from the first of which, from the pen of the talented editor, Dr. SELLER, we have already made a quotation. Our vocation, as "the Critic of Literature," hinders us, in like manner, from examining the anonymous libel published to counteract the impression made by Dr. WOOD's work, under the title of *Defence of Hahnemann and his Doctrines*, or Dr. W.'s able *Sequel to Homœopathy Unmasked*; where we see that the abuse anonymously heaped upon him has, like the spur to the blood horse, put him upon his mettle, and called forth abilities and eloquence beyond those displayed in his first publication.

A few gleanings, however, from *Homœopathy Unmasked*, may perhaps amuse our readers:—

If the quadrillionth of a grain of gold be inclosed in a phial, and inhaled by a melancholic patient, in whom the disgust of life has

* *Northern Journal of Medicine.* Oct. 1844. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd.

led almost to suicide; before one hour this unfortunate being will be delivered from his fatal demon, and reinstated in his enjoyment of life.—*Hahnemann, quoted by Wood, p. 38.*

Doses of some substances employed by the Homœopathsists:—

Charcoal, one or two decillionths of a grain.

Camomile, two quadrillionths of a grain.

Nutmeg, two millionths of a grain.

Tartar Emetic, two billionths of a grain.

Opium, two decillionths of a drop of a spirituous solution, &c. &c. &c.—*P. 98.*

Care must be taken not to exalt the powers of medicine too much by shaking. A drop of Drosera in the 30th dilution, at each of which it has been shaken twenty times, endangered the life of an infant who took it for hooping-cough.—*Hahnemann, quoted, p. 102.*

With such facts before us, may we not, with Dr. WOOD, adopt the words of the great CHILLINGWORTH, and say, "I have found every where snares that might entrap, that might deceive the simple; but nothing that might persuade, and very little that might move an understanding man and one that can discern between discourse and sophistry?"

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Vacation Rambles and Thoughts; comprising the Recollections of Three Continental Tours, in the Vacations of 1841, 1842, and 1843. By T. N. TALFOURD, D.C.L. Serjeant-at-Law. In Two Vols. London, 1845. Moxon.

ALTHOUGH these volumes were received as THE CRITIC was going to press, we must assuage some of the curiosity which their announcement cannot fail to excite, by presenting to our readers a few passages from their delightful pages.

To attempt thus hastily any thing in the shape of a review, would be impossible, and, if practicable, it would be unjust to author and reader. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with some half-dozen extracts, which convey the reflections as well as the observations of the gifted writer, reserving formal criticism and further selections for a more deliberate review in our next number.

The following passages are taken from the first visit to the Alps in the Vacation of 1841.

FRENCH CHILDREN.

I observed some French children—the very small ones, fantastically dressed up as playthings, seemed petted, caressed, and spoiled; but the elder ones, from ten to sixteen, looking careworn, conceited, independent and miserable. Everything is gay in Paris but childhood. Old age is gay—pleasantly so even when fantastically so—and death itself is tricked out in garlands, and "turned to favour and to prettiness." Why then are the children so joyless? It cannot be that they are too harshly restrained, or ruled by fear; for a cruel discipline is no part of the French character, or the French educational practice; on the contrary, a French boy soon becomes his own master, and studies or lounges as he pleases. Is it not that there are no fire-sides—no homes? It seems a fine independent thing for a Parisian shopkeeper to dispense with the plague of domestic servants—take every day, with his wife, the freedom of the restaurant and the café—and when he shuts up his shop, leave it to take care of itself, while he lounges, or dances, or smokes. or reads a journal, or does all these in some public garden—or, better than all, goes to the play. But the pleasures and comforts of children are of home growth, and require a home shelter. They are here only sad, wearied, wondering spectators of the gaieties of their parents, which are all associated with coquetry, gallantry, and feelings akin to these, in which they do not participate; and though some amends is made by an early initiation into their essences and an earlier emulation of their symbols, still children, as children, have no food for their affections in the whirling kaleidoscope which dazzles them. In Prussia, children are happier, because they are under a stricter discipline; but England, with all its imputed sins of flogging and flogging, and excess of Latin versification, is the place where childhood is most happy as childhood; happy in restraint; happy in indulgence; happy in the habits of obedience, and respect, and filial love! You would not find such a set of care-worn, pale, unhappy faces in any charity-school in England, as you may mark in a throng of wandering, dissipated boys, in the gardens of the Tuileries.

A WATERFALL.

The Nant d'Arpenaz is the fall of a small rivulet, which gushes down unseen through fissures of the lofty rock—then, in mid air, leaps from it,—and meeting immediately with little projections, is dashed into fine atoms, floats off some two hundred feet from the ground in an everlasting yet everchanging feather; and, though a portion of the water may be caught by the lower rock, and may drizzle down, the body of water actually disperses;—makes itself "air, into which it vanishes." It is like a spirit embodied—no! not embodied—*shaped*, breaking from the rock—ever perishing yet ever renewed—an image of purity, evanescence, duration! Its substance is as slight as its identity—the most ethereal of all things which in any sense endure—light as "the snowfall in the river"—or a wreath of smoke—yet existing as a waterfall for thousands of years—the Ariel of inanimate matter! I gazed back upon it till it looked like a speck of gossamer cloud; and sighed for it, even while the vale, expanding wider and wider, and becoming grander and grander, dazzled me with its luxuriance and its brightness.

MONT BLANC FROM ST. MARTIN.

This was the first view we had enjoyed of any of the highest Alps, except as a vision in the clouds; and, surprising as it was, I must confess the effect did not equal my expectations. This falling off might be partly attributable to the mind being filled and perturbed with the loveliness of the vast sunny vale, of a character so entirely different from those icy pinnacles, which, near to it in reality, were close to it in the picture, and which compelled admiration of colours and shapes as unlike those around us as if they belonged to another world. But there is a reason why Alpine heights, seen at a distance of from twelve to twenty miles by persons who are not familiar with their nearer grandeur, must disappoint an enthusiastic expectation: the masses of snow, almost uniform in colour, do not admit of the sense of distance which the varieties of ordinary scenery convey; and the consequence is, that the eye, not making the proper allowances, embraces the mighty objects as comparatively small; and the mind, instead of being uplifted into regions of perpetual snow, brings down the white masses to the level earth, and then regards them rather with curiosity than admiration. The immediate feeling is a perplexed surprise that there should be just before you heaps of snow not "unsunned," but illuminated by a sun which scorches the earth around you; and that they should give no sign of melting. On one who has had happy experience in Alpine solitudes, and who, therefore, can, in some faint degree, recognise, in the glittering heights, the length and breadth and depth which have dwindled into a fairy frostwork to the eye, these forms produce a far nobler impression; but a first sight of the Alps, to produce the thrilling sense of which Rogers speaks, should be obtained from a greater distance, where the intervention of a multitude of other objects gives to the snowy mountains their due proportion, or something approaching to it, in the perspective. If I state the similitude which Mont Blanc, as seen from the bridge which crosses the Arve close to the Inn of St. Martin, immediately suggested to me, I shall incur a severer censure than fell on me from a celebrated lady, for comparing the interior lining of the great cavern of Staffa to a sort of celestial barley-sugar, and its guardian outworks of small white columns, washed by the bright sea, to gigantic lozenges, which you expected to see melting away as the tide broke over them; yet I do not know why the truth on such a matter should not be spoken. Let me confess, then, that the upper part of Mont Blanc, thus surveyed, seemed to me like nothing so much in nature or art as a gigantic twelfth-cake, which a scrapegrace of Titon's "enormous brood" or "younger Saturn," had cut and slashed with wild irregularity, so as to leave the most tempting contrast between the thick crust of sugar and the deep brown indentations beneath it.

SUNSET AT CHAMOUNI.

While we were dining at the table d'hôte, we were abruptly summoned by the principal *garçon* to the windows to look at Mont Blanc; and saw the most beautiful sight which ever met my eyes—the long ridges of the central mountain clad in light of pale rose colour, which changed to saffron, and then melted into the cold grey light of a common evening. At the invitation of our kind guides we afterwards accompanied them in a stroll among the corn-fields behind the little church of Chamouni to see the shadows gradually deepen around the mountain; and did not return until the stars were shewing out crisply above the *aiguilles*, on one of which a star seemed almost resting. Why to the thought did the splintered tops of those needles, and the frosted domes above them, connect earth with heaven? The loftiest elevations were nothing to the distance between the earth and the stars—not in the proportion of an atom to an Alp—and yet into what neighbourhood of thought they drew us! This is because although not "nigh to heaven," as Otway describes the mountain-top, it is removed from all the pollution of earth—raised above its cares—unvisited, or rarely visited by human footsteps—and, therefore, akin to the serene, the unknown, the

eternal. Our ideas of celestial objects are, in truth, for the best part negative—of untroubled regions beyond earthly change—and it is by its kindred with these that the mountain summit is associated with the sky,—its physical approach to which is AS NOTHING.

A LAKE PICTURE.

A few minutes of this hard work brought us into the still waters of the lake; we curved gently round to the right shore, and glided for some miles beneath a lofty bank, alternately rock and coppice, but not very striking nor more beautiful than such a bank must be. If, however, the bank itself had no peculiar charm, its perfect reflection in the rippleless water afforded us delight as unbroken as the surface of the lake which mirrored it, like a delicious vision of familiar and beloved things. Why is this? Why does the reflection of a common object—a little boat with its one rude steerer, a low cottage, a gaunt poplar, a small nest of low bushes—possess a charm unshared by the reality? Is this only admiration of the dreaming softness which the mirror itself lends? Or does the spell work gently among the deeper elements of our own complex being; among the habits of thought which impel us to prefer the "sweet and cunning" imitations of things even to things themselves, make the indifferent in reality interesting in picture, and bid us then do homage to these most perfect of pictures which are pictures still?—in the longing to cast off the bondage of the flesh, and "transform the real to a dream?"—in the wish to dissolve the palpable in the ethereal, and yet to find in the ethereal images of all we love in the actual? Certain it is, that in the contemplation of these fairy pictures of Nature there is a peculiar, placid, home-felt delight; and that, in looking into the downward sky which thus stretches out beneath us, we seem to look into the lowest depths of our own hearts, and find the untroubled serenity there which answers to the sky of our highest aims, and confirms our airiest and purest hopes.

Travels in the Track of the Ten Thousand Greeks; being a Geographical and Descriptive Account of the Expedition of Cyrus and of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks as related by Xenophon. By WILLIAM F. AINSWORTH, F.G.S. &c. London, 1844. J. W. Parker.

MR. AINSWORTH was surgeon to the late Euphrates expedition, and he availed himself of the opportunity thus opened to him to investigate the track of the famous retreat of the Ten Thousand. Volumes have been written upon this subject ere now; but for the most part the commentators had not the advantage of personal inspection: they talked and argued upon the assertions of other men, who were probably wanting in the needful knowledge of the classics. Hence the conjectural character of their essays, leaving on the reader's mind a sense of dissatisfaction, and the sort of feeling one has with a consciousness of time wasted and toil without fruit. MR. AINSWORTH appears as an illustrator of the Anabasis with immense advantages over his predecessors, and claims to attention which will make him welcome to the scholar and the historian. Accident enabled him to do that which no other person had done before him, namely, to follow at intervals the line of the expedition from the plain of Caystrus and the Cilician gates, through Syria down the Euphrates, to the field of Cunaxa, and subsequently in the line of the retreat across the plains of Babylonia and Media by Larissa and Mes-Pylæ, and thence through the passes of the Tigris and Kurdistan to the cold uplands of Armenia, the scene of so many disasters. From Trebizond, westward, MR. AINSWORTH visited various localities on the coast of Asia Minor noticed by XENOPHON, and such spots as he did not see he has described after the most authentic of modern travellers. But the extent and value of his own contributions will be appreciated, when we state that out of a journey, computed by the historian at 3,465 miles, there is not above 600 miles that the illustrator has not personally explored.

MR. AINSWORTH's plan is to present a concise narrative of the events related by the historian, following him step by step, tracing, as it were, a map of the march, and throwing in his own remarks as he goes along, proving his positions by the results of his personal in-

vestigations, or when they are wanting, by reference to some acknowledged authority. As he proceeds upon his way he entertains the reader with descriptions of the country, giving to the work almost the interest of a book of travels.

In an Appendix the author has gathered and collected the ancient notices of the different geographical positions, and the modern authorities for their actual condition and identification. The ancient measurements have been adopted by MR. AINSWORTH from those proposed to the Royal Geographical Society by Major JERVIS, and which were, we believe, founded upon the admitted theory that the ancient measures formed an integral portion of the earth's circumference.

Valuable though this volume certainly will be as an addition to the historical and classical library, the very nature of its subject denies to the reviewer much material for extract. But as we must not part from it without some specimens of its manner, we cull two or three of the more amusing descriptions:—

THE FOUNTAIN OF TYANA.

Ovid relates of Tyana, that the learned philosopher Apollonius was born there, and that near it, at the temple of the Asbæmean Jove, was a stagnant fountain, which was always plentifully supplied with water, but which being re-absorbed, never flowed over its margin. Philostratus, in his life of Apollonius, also describes this fountain as sacred to Jupiter, and as being very cold, although bubbling up like a boiling caldron. MR. Hamilton first rediscovered this fountain in modern times. It is situated in the middle of a perfectly flat plain, and is about forty feet in diameter, full of brackish, turbid water, bubbling and boiling all over, particularly in the centre, where a violent jet rises to nearly the height of a foot, being a foot and a half in diameter, with considerable noise; and yet the water never rises or overflows its banks, nor does any stream escape from it. The water is quite cold, and emits a slight smell of hydrosulphurous acid. Near the spring was a hill of fibrous and compact white gypsum, apparently deposited by the waters; and lying on this hill was an elegant fluted marble altar, with a large hole bored through it. It would appear from this very probable that the worship of the place, as with the Persians, was accompanied by the combustion of the natural gases, conducted by a pipe through the centre of the altar, and from the slight smell of hydrosulphurous acid being perceptible when such a quantity of gas was given off, it is probable that a careful analysis would indicate the presence of other combustible gases, as at Corcira, besides sulphuretted hydrogen.

SACRED FISH AT U'RFAH.

The history of the origin of the superstitious reverence for fish that obtained among the Syrians is given at length in Diodorus, and is corroborated by Lucian of Samosata, who must have been well acquainted with the traditions of his own country. "There is in Syria," says Diodorus, "a city named Æscalon, and near it a lake abounding with fish, in the vicinity of which is the beautiful temple of the goddess Derceta. What gave birth to the worship of the fish is, the fable of Venus meeting Derceta, and making her fall in love with a handsome young man who sacrificed to her shrine, and by whom she had a daughter; that the goddess being ashamed of her misdeed, banished the father, exposed her child in a desert to be fed by birds, and went and threw herself into this lake with a view of drowning herself, when she immediately became metamorphosed into a fish. Hence the Syrians abstain from eating fish of this kind (not mentioning what kind), but worship them as divinities. The daughter fed by pigeons or the birds of the wilderness, became the adopted child of Simma, and was called Semiramis, that is, Simma's bird-child." The term Derceta is Syriac, the Greeks called her Derceto, and the Latins derived Dea-Cetæ, that is, fish-goddess, from it. She is represented by painters with the face and body of a woman, and the tail of a fish. Pliny relates that as late as in his time the monstrous Atargatis, called by the Greeks Derceto, was worshipped at Bambyce or Hierapolis, the Syrian Magog. Ælian, in his *History of Animals*, also describes the sacred fish as being at Bambyce, called by Seleucus, Hierapolis. Strabo notices the name Atargatis as synonymous with Atharan, and Cellerius carries out the identity to Astarte and Astoreth.

The most interesting fact connected with this ancient tradition, founded, no doubt, on the oriental worship of the principle of fecundity, is that at U'rfah—the Edessa of the middle age, and the Ur of the Chaldees—there still exists a pond, enshrined in a marble basin, and designated as the Birket el Ibrâhim el Khâfil, "the lake of Abraham the beloved," which is full of fish—a species of barbel, not carp, as related by some, and venerated by

the natives. Close to this reservoir is the mosque of Abraham, to which indeed the lake is attached. This is one of the most light and elegant edifices of the kind in Asiatic Turkey. It is a square building surmounted by three domes of equal size, and a slender graceful minaret rises up from amidst a grove of tall cypresses. Near the mosque is another small lake, called "Ain el Zilghah. I found, at a second visit to this place, that the waters supplying these ponds are at a temperature above that of the mean annual heat of the place, and consequently slightly thermal. I believe, also, that they seldom freeze in winter. It was from these beautiful fountains that the Greeks named the Callirrhoe, "the beautiful fountain." Indeed, no language can be too lavish to express the beauty of the site: overshadowed by trees, the waters ripple through clean white marble basins, embosomed amid groves, and structures full of Saracenic grace, and only towered over by the vast ruins of the rock-built castle. The propagation of this superstition of a remote antiquity down to actual times, is a circumstance of some interest, as illustrative of the permanence of tradition. The Syrians and Mesopotamians do not, however, refuse to partake of the same fish, when taken from the Châlib in the present day, as I have seen them sold in the markets of Aleppo and Aintâ. On the occasion of a hurried visit made to Hierapolis in 1836, we did not find any lake with fish within the precincts of that city, but we heard of the existence of a remarkable spring with fish at some short distance from the ruins.

ARMENIAN COTTAGES.

Their houses were underground; the mouth resembling that of a well, but spacious below; there was an entrance dug for the cattle, but the inhabitants descended by ladders. In those houses were goats, sheep, cows, and fowls with their young. All the cattle were maintained within doors with fodder. There was also wheat, barley, and vegetables, and beer, or barley wine, in jars, in which the malt floated even with the brims of the vessel, and it was drunk or sucked up through reeds. This liquor was very strong when unmixed with water, and exceeding pleasant to those who used it. This description of a village on the Armenian uplands, applies itself to many that I visited in the present day. The descent by wells is now rare, but is still to be met with; but in exposed and elevated situations the houses are uniformly semi-subterranean, and entered by as small an aperture as possible, to prevent the cold getting in. Whatever is the kind of cottage used, cows, sheep, goats, and fowls participate with the family in the warmth and protection thereof; the summer is, indeed, occupied in these inhospitable uplands, in laying in stores of fuel and provender for the winter, and corn and vegetables are found in them in abundance, but the barley wine I never met with, and time has entailed a new evil, that in many places the wandering Kurds force themselves upon the sedentary Armenians, to pass their winter by their scanty fires.

FICTION.

The Chimes: a Goblin Story of some Bells that rang an Old Year out and a New Year in. By CHARLES DICKENS. London, 1844. Chapman and Hall.

ALL our prepossessions are in favour of any work having the name of CHARLES DICKENS upon its title-page. For reasons which we may take the first opportunity to set forth, we estimate him far above any living writer of fiction; nor should we hesitate to class him with the foremost of any age or country. It is, therefore, with much disappointment, though without having our faith in his genius at all shaken by it, that we rise from the perusal of *The Chimes*. We cannot hesitate to pronounce it a failure; it wants the genuineness that gave such charm to the *Christmas Carol*; it is manifestly a manufacture, made to order, got up for the occasion. Unlike its predecessor, it does not read as if it had come fresh from his genius; a spark struck out upon the inspiration of the moment, and wrought upon with hearty good-will, as if it were a labour of love; but the story is strained, the characters are forced, the sentiment is affected, and popularity rather than truth appears to have been his aim. Mr. DICKENS hitherto has done good service to the cause of the poor; but he is harming it by such exaggerations and misrepresentations as he has here indulged. It is not thus that the current of public opinion is to be directed.

Such a writer as Mr. DICKENS could not indite so many pages without some passages bearing the stamp of genius and worthy of his better moments; and here they are found, though few and far between. But they are not sufficient to redeem the work in which they appear from the judgment

which all honest critics will pass upon it, and which, indeed, they who pronounce will be his best friends; for his fame is more precious than any temporary profit.

As *The Chimes* is doubtless already in the hands of nine-tenths of our readers, we will not occupy our restricted space with extract.

Men and Women; or, Menorial Rights. By the Author of the "Adventures of Susan Hopley." In 3 vols. London, 1844. Saunders and Otley.

It will be admitted by all who have read *Susan Hopley* that it possesses a peculiar interest, and makes an impression upon the memory such as is rarely produced even by the best novels of the season. Nor was that interest limited to the usual novel-reading classes: so popular was the tale, that cheap editions of it were demanded and found an enormous circulation; and the caterers for the stage, ever ready to pounce upon anything that hits the public taste, with their usual disregard of the author's fame, moulded the maid-servant's adventures into dramas after their own patchwork fashion; and so truthful were they in their substance, that, even thus disguised and deformed, they attracted large audiences and drew down thunders of applause from delighted boxes, pit, and galleries.

Yet was *Susan Hopley* but little, if at all, indebted for this success to the reviews. Its first appearance was scarcely recognized by the established authorities. Critics, whose judgments so rarely coincide with those of the public, could not discover the merit which other people felt, although perhaps they could not point out precisely in what particular it lay. For our part we must confess, that when we read we shared the general pleasure, though our sober judgment was compelled to disapprove much that had most riveted our attention in the perusal. The appearance of another novel from the same pen has enabled us now, after a lapse of time, to look back upon the impressions of the moment for the purpose of tracing, if we can, the secret of its influence.

The faculty, as it seems to us, to which the authoress of *Susan Hopley* owes her popularity, is that which gives the charm to *Robinson Crusoe*, and a few other fictions familiar to us as if they were a portion of our own existence—a charm felt and understood by all, but which it is very difficult to define. It lies in their truthfulness. We do not mean the probability of the plot, the natural arrangement of incidents, for these are not essential to the effect, as is proved by *Gulliver's Travels*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and a few more, in which the faculty we are describing is pre-eminently apparent;—but a truthfulness in the manner of telling the tale. The writer never appears to be inventing; he narrates his story with the entire unreserve, the minute detail, the little traits of character and of circumstances, which distinguish the descriptions of one who is telling what he has seen and heard, and to whose memory these small links in the chain of association are necessary to the recal of the scene. This rare accomplishment of the writer of fiction must be the result of a large endowment of the capacity for conjuring up with distinctness the images summoned by the fancy, combined with the actor's power of so throwing himself into the character he assumes as to feel and express all the emotions the personage he represents would have felt and expressed in like circumstances.

And the power that so pleased in *Susan Hopley* is equally exhibited in *Men and Women*; while the faults apparent in the former are materially amended in the latter. The plot of *Susan Hopley* was unnatural; the accidents by which the characters were brought together, whenever occasion required, were grossly improbable; and though the interest never flagged for a moment, the dénouement was averted by contrivances that with a narrator of inferior powers would have worn out the reader's patience. In *Men and Women* there is no such defect. The plot is probable, yet sufficiently exciting; by no means complicated, yet of absorbing interest. The tale is told with the same air of *vraisemblance*, with the same attractive simplicity of manner, that made its predecessor famous. The characters are varied, strongly marked, individualized, life-like. They talk in dialogue, and not in essays; and the descriptions are brief, bold, and graphic, stamping upon the mind distinct pictures, which remain there, and are recalled as among the realities and not the dreams of our existence.

The story is framed out of the fortunes of a few families,

in a small village, of whom the central group is composed of the occupiers of the manor-house of Eastlake. We are first introduced to the three fair daughters of Colonel Rivers, who has just plunged them into poverty by gambling. The scene then changes to Eastlake and its villagers, tenants of Sir John Eastlake, a bachelor who devotes himself to flirtations with all the pretty girls in the neighbourhood. One of his tenants was Georgie Graham, a man of sterling integrity, whose household comprised his wife, a woman who sought her ends by crooked ways, his son Leonard, in love with a pretty coquette, called Jessie Matthieson, and his daughter Lucy, an excellent and lovely girl, engaged to William Bell, a young soldier, who was so distinguishing himself in his regiment that his promotion was daily expected.

The baronet had been attracted by Jessie's beauty, and had made violent attacks upon her heart; she thoughtlessly encouraged him, but intending no wrong. His regards were, however, transferred after a while to Lucy, who at once repelled them with indignation. But Jessie thought that Lucy encouraged him, and jealousy, the growth of which is traced by the novelist with masterly ability, ultimately throws her into the arms of the baronet, merely to spite, as she supposed, the unconscious Lucy. Soon afterwards she leaves her home, and no traces can be found of her.

Lucy's mother, averse to her engagement with William Bell, resorts to the old contrivance of intercepting Lucy's letters, and the baronet's attentions to Lucy being noticed in the village, a rumour reached the soldier's ears that she was faithless to him. In a fit of despair he deserts his guard, and goes down to Eastlake to seek an explanation from her own lips.

In the meanwhile, on the disappearance of Jessie, Leonard followed to seek her.

During this period the family of Colonel Rivers were enduring the depths of poverty in an obscure lodging near the Queen's Bench, where their father was lodged, and of all their friends one only, a briefless barrister, Russell, fondly attached to Caroline, noticed or aided them in their misery. They found another friend by accident, a young artist, Elias, almost as poor as themselves, but whose services were unceasing.

William Bell was the object of the devoted love of Peggy, the daughter of a fellow-soldier, and one of the most natural and original characters in the novel. She knows how fondly he is attached to Lucy, and that never can she hope to call him hers, but she loves him still. On his desertion, she also quits her home to help him if she can.

Such was the general state of affairs, when Lucy received a letter from William, requesting her to meet him at the Four Stones, an unfrequented place in the preserves at Eastlake. She proceeds thither, and is accidentally met by Sir John. He continues his persecutions; she kneels to implore him to depart, as one was coming whose hot blood might produce mischief. At this moment she hears the report of a gun behind her—the baronet falls, mortally wounded, calling upon Groves, his valet. At that moment William arrives; she concluded that he had shot the baronet in a fit of jealousy. He asserts his innocence; but Groves, the servant, approaching, and knowing how certainly the murder would be charged upon him, William flies.

His adventures on his way to London, and his many hair-breadth 'scapes—his meeting there with Peggy, who had been taken care of by an old Frenchman, who played the violin to her songs—are deeply exciting, but too long for abstract in this outline.

The death of Sir John Eastlake puts Col. Rivers, his heir, in possession of the domain. But the baronet's mother charges the colonel with having been the murderer of her son, and his agitation and shrinking from society strengthen her suspicions. All the rest of the world believed that the murderer was William Bell. Leonard, who had been found near the spot, was at first charged; but on his stating that he had been there, as he confessed, with the intention of shooting the baronet if he did not satisfy him about Jessie, and his pistol being found loaded, he was relieved from misprison.

After many escapes William Bell was finally betrayed by Jessie, who was tempted by a reward of a thousand pounds offered for his apprehension. William is put upon his trial, but acquitted on the evidence of an innkeeper at Eastlake, who deposed that on the day preceding the murder a gentleman had

been at his house, had inquired about Sir John, was possessed of pistols, went to meet the baronet, and had departed immediately after the time at which the murder had taken place. This again pointed suspicion to Colonel Rivers, who was recognized as the visitor in question, and he is placed under arrest, on suspicion of having been concerned in the tragedy.

An accident, however, leads to the unravelling of the intricate tangle of circumstances in which the story is now involved. Elias, the artist, sees at a pawnbroker's a new gun with the Eastlake crest. It had been pawned by a vermin-killer on the estate. He is very ill, and being visited by Groves (the deceased baronet's valet), he tells him that he had found this gun in the wood where he (Groves) had hidden it on the day of the murder, with which the vermin-killer charges him, but promises to say nothing about it. Groves, however, to make assurance doubly sure, mingles poison with his medicine, and so removes the witness of his crime.

The history of Groves's quarrel with his master was briefly this. Groves had a sister of whom he was very fond. The baronet had seduced her, and made Groves, who knew not the errand on which he was employed, his assistant in the seduction. For this Groves, in a fit of fury, had shot him.

By what mysterious agencies the catastrophe is brought about, how virtue is rewarded and vice punished, how all are made happy who deserve happiness, and wretchedness comes at last to those who have earned it by their faults or follies, we shall leave to the curious reader to trace for himself in the pages of the novel, which we can heartily recommend to every circulating library, and sure we are our subscribers will thank us for having tempted them to send for it. It is a right wholesome narrative, with a moral upon every page, but it is morality taught by example and not by precept.

The Countess Faustina. By IDA, Countess HAHN-HAHN. Translated from the German, by H. N. S. London, 1844. H. G. Clarke and Co.

MR. CLARKE is doing good service to literature by introducing to English readers translations of the best foreign fictions at very trifling prices. The latest of these is the famous *Faustina* by the Countess HAHN-HAHN; a novel which can lay claim to originality both of conception and execution. How far it will assort with English tastes and prejudices we would not venture to prophesy; but for our own part we have read it with great interest.

As it was noticed at length in the columns of THE CRITIC on its appearance in Germany, it will be unnecessary to do more now than place upon record the fact that an elegant translation of it may be procured at a less cost than the original.

Hillingdon Hall; or the Cockney Squire. A Novel. By the Author of "Handley Cross." London, 1845. Colburn.

NOTHING can be more "flat, stale, and unprofitable," than this novel, in which worn-out jokes upon cockneys and cockneyism are taken from the pages of defunct magazines, and sought to be palmed upon the world as new. The satire which the author intended to convey is dull and powerless enough, and we never feel so grave as when he uses his most convulsive efforts to make us laugh. If we rightly remember, we have seen the novel in one of the magazines, and we must protest against the growing fashion of assailing the public in the two-fold form of periodical chapters followed by their repetition in three volumes. It is unfair to the keepers of circulating libraries, who are tempted to buy, and when the book is on their shelves, find that three-fourths of their patrons have already read it in its fragmentary form; it is unjust to the subscribers to the magazine, who are usually bored with the concluding chapter long after the whole has appeared in volumes; and it is very much like an imposition upon the public, for it is in truth an attempt to palm upon them as new a work which has been already in print.

These, however, are considerations altogether beside the question we have to determine, namely, the intrinsic merits of *Hillingdon Hall*. And of these we must say, that they are of the very lowest order, and that it is not a novel which we could, with a clear conscience, recommend the library to buy, or the reader to borrow.

The Rebellion in the Cevennes; an Historical Novel. In two vols. By LUDWIG TRECK. Translated from the German, by Madame BURETTE. London, 1844. Nutt.

A novel of the genuine German school, in which minute descriptions of obscure persons and trifling events give a sort of interest to the subordinate characters and scenes of the story, but to a reader accustomed to the rapid and brilliant pictures of the English romance, appear overlaboured and tedious. As a faithful sketch of the men and manners of the period treated of, this historical novel will reward perusal. The time is a stirring one, and might have afforded materials for a story vastly more attractive than this. It is that of the rebellion of the Huguenots in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, when so many barbarities were perpetrated in the Cevennes. It exhibits the various fortunes of the conflict, the endurance on the one side, the cruelty on the other, until it was found that "the law of kindness" is the most potent subduer of enmities, and the most successful pacificator; and then VILLARS restored tranquillity without much difficulty. All this affords material which a fertile imagination might have wrought into a spirited and brilliant story; but TRECK has not shewn himself equal to his task. Nevertheless, it is better than nine-tenths of the trash that issues from our own press, and therefore we can recommend it to the library and the reader.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Ballads and other Poems. By J. G. WHITTIER. London, 1844. Clarke and Co.

BE it known that Mr. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER is an American, who has enjoyed considerable reputation among his countrymen, and is now, we believe, for the first time, offered to the regards of the British public by ELIZUR (*sic*) WRIGHT, jun. who in the preface informs us that WHITTIER used poetry as an effective weapon in the great struggle for human rights; in plain words, that he devoted his lyre to the anti-slavery cause, and with such effect, that "his songs are hewing their way through the frozen barriers of selfishness to the national heart." His poetry is declared to be "of purely republican growth." It "borrows nothing from foreign countries or customs." His Christianity is "too expansive for the trammels of sect." Now this is precisely what we have been long looking for from our transatlantic brethren, and they may be assured that any symptoms of originality will be hailed with hearty congratulations in the parent-land. The complaint that has been urged against American literature, with considerable justice, is, that it is essentially imitative; it does not possess a single national characteristic; for aught that the keenest eye can trace in it, there is nothing to mark it American; no turn of thought, or image, or sentiment, or mould of language, to distinguish it from European composition. Every line might have been written in England by an Englishman, and this simply because the Americans will copy us instead of throwing themselves boldly upon their own genius, and striking out new pathways for themselves. It would seem as if the youth of nations were like the youth of individuals, and that the faculty of imitation is equally active in both.

And yet has America in herself the materials for original genius to disport itself withal. Her natural scenery, her people, her manners, her history, her institutions, are peculiar; she has no romance of the past, it is true, but she has a future, and surely out of this combination there might be, and there ought to be, framed a literature which shall as much deserve the title of American as that which the whole world would recognize as German or English.

Therefore, if Mr. WHITTIER had fulfilled the boast of his friend and editor, that his poetry is "of purely republican growth," and "borrows nothing from foreign countries or customs," his advent would have been an era in the history of literature; he would have been a man to be venerated in America and honoured in Europe. But, after reading his volume with attention, we must confess that we are unable to sanction the lofty claims preferred for him. His poems are creditable productions, but they are in their character as much English as American. The poet-laureat of an English anti-slavery society might have written them. The world has yet to look for an American poet.

Judging them as poems, without reference to their birth-place, they may be pronounced respectable, perhaps somewhat above the average of magazine poetry; but certainly not of a class that will entitle the author to a foremost place among the poets of his age. He has spirit and earnestness; his theme makes him eloquent. He has thrown himself heart and soul into his cause, and at times he is lifted by it to the very verge of inspiration, especially when he denounces the crime of slavery, as in the poem commencing

A Christian! going! gone!
Who bids for God's own image?—for His grace
Which that poor victim of the market-place
Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such things be?
Hast Thou not said that whatso'er is done
Unto Thy weaker and Thy humblest one,
Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,
Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand—
Once more the jest-word of a mocking hand,
Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!
Wet with her blood your whips—o'er task her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,
Her patience shall not fail!

And in this, which we extract entire:—

THE SLAVE'S SHIP.

"——— That fatal, that perfidious bark,
Built 't' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,"

Milton's Lycidas.

The French ship *Le Rodeur*, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny in Africa, April 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out—an obstinate disease of the eyes—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wine-glass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several, who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only one remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsaleable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, *Leon*. The same disease had been there; and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The *Rodeur* reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after his arrival.—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*

"All ready?" cried the captain;
"Ay, ay!" the seaman said:
"Heave up the worthless lubbers—
The dying and the dead."
Up from the slave-ship's prison
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust—
"Now let the sharks look to it—
Toss up the dead ones first!"

Corpse after corpse came up,—
Death had been busy there;
Where every blow is mercy,
Why should the Spoiler spare?
Corpse after corpse they cast
Sullenly from the ship
Yet bloody with the traces
Of fetter link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,
With his arms upon his breast,
With his cold brow sternly knotted,
And his iron lip compress'd.

"Are all the dead dogs over?"
Growl'd through that matted lip—
"The blind ones are no better,
Let's lighten the good ship."

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,
The very sounds of Hell!
The ringing clank of iron—
The maniac's short, sharp yell!—
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled—
The starving infant's moan—
The horror of a breaking heart
Pour'd through a mother's groan!

Up from that loathsome prison
The stricken blind ones came:
Below, had all been darkness—
Above, was still the same.
Yet the holy breath of heaven
Was sweetly breathing there,
And the heated brow of fever
Cool'd in the soft sea air.

"Overboard with them, shipmates!"
Cutlass and dirk were plied;
Fetter'd and blind, one after one,
Plunged down the vessel's side.
The sabre smote above—
Beneath, the lean shark lay,
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw
His quick and human prey.

God of the Earth! what cries
Rang upward unto Thee?
Voices of agony and blood,
From ship-deck and from sea.
The last dull plunge was heard—
The last wave caught its stain—
And the unsated shark look'd up
For human hearts in vain.

* * * *

Red glow'd the Western waters—
The setting sun was there,
Scattering alike on wave and cloud
His fiery mesh of hair.
Amidst a group in blindness,
A solitary eye
Gazed, from the burden'd slaver's deck,
Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,
"Is gathering and at hand—
Curse on 't—I'd give my other eye
For one firm rood of land."
And then he laugh'd—but only
His echo'd laugh replied—
For the blinded and the suffering
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,
And on a stormy heaven,
While fiercely on that lone ship's track
The thunder-gust was driven,
"A sail! thank God, a sail!"
And, as the helmsman spoke,
Up through the stormy murmur
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel
Unheeding on her way,
So near, that on the slaver's deck
Fell off her driven spray.
"Ho! for the love of mercy—
We're perishing and blind!"
A wail of utter agony
Came back upon the wind:

"Help us! for we are stricken
With blindness every one;
Ten days we've floated fearfully,
Unnoting star or sun.
Our ship 's the slaver Leon—
We've but a score on board—
Our slaves are all gone over—
Help—for the love of God!"

On livid brows of agony
The broad red lightning shone—
But the roar of wind and thunder
Stifled the answering groan.

Wail'd from the broken waters
A last despairing cry,
As, kindling in the stormy light,
The stranger ship went by.

* * * *
In the sunny Guadeloupe
A dark-hull'd vessel lay—
With a crew who noted never
The night-fall or the day.
The blossom of the orange
Was white by every stream,
And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird
Were in the warm sun-beam.

And the sky was bright as ever,
And the moonlight slept as well,
On the palm-trees by the hill-side,
And the streamlet of the dell;
And the glances of the Creole
Were still as archly deep,
And her smiles as full as ever
Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,
The green earth and the sky,
And the smile of human faces,
To the ever-darken'd eye;
For, amidst a world of beauty,
The slaver went abroad,
With his ghastly visage written
By the awful curse of God!

But the miscellaneous poems are inferior in all respects to these, for the author wanted the inspiration of his anti-slavery zeal to supply the natural deficiency of his genius.

Blarney, a descriptive Poem. By JOHN HOGAN. Second Edition. London, 1844. Aylott and Jones.

THE title of this poem tempts to all sorts of jokes; but we will frown them down, and endeavour to try Mr. HOGAN upon his merits.

The design of these verses is to paint the charms of *Blarney*; not the peculiar species of talk to which that title has been given, but the veritable locality from which the title was borrowed.

Mr. HOGAN opens with a direful attack upon critics in general, from which we gather that some of them have told him some plain truths. But let that pass.

He anticipates objections by admitting in his preface certain defects as apparent in his poem. But if he is conscious of their presence, why does he not correct them? It is not sufficient to explain whence they have arisen. The better acquaintance he has with their causes the less claim has he for a merciful consideration of them.

But then he can console himself with the reflection that do what he will, "nothing would prevent whole swarms of little peewits (reviewers) from pecking at me." But he finds a consolation in the favour of the public. They buy, and read, and admire. It is not saying much for the public taste.

Its opening is not likely to prejudice in its favour. Here are the first five lines.

Blarney!—Who has not heard the name? But few
Who thus far know it, think it aught that's true—
That it in very deed on solid ground
Has a foundation; and that there is found
The grassy slope,—the glen,—the river clear,—

And again a few lines onward.

But such has Blarney! this a fraction yet
Small of what there on every hand is met;
Which mere recounting ne'er can make appear
As they exist,—there wants the atmosphere.

From this prosaic strain, where there is nothing to indicate an intention to utter poetry, save that the page is printed in irregular lines, Mr. HOGAN seldom departs. Now and then he throws in a bit of description or a scrap of sentiment, which strays out of the path of prose, and assumes almost the shape of poetry, but in all earnestness we would recommend him to write no more *verses*, but employ himself, if he must scribble, in inditing good plain prose, in which he may achieve a success that, he may assure himself, he never can accomplish in rhyme. He is wanting in some of the principal ingredients

that go to make the poet, and in the mechanics of his art he is extremely defective. *Blarney* may have a local interest, but it cannot hope for any fame beyond the region it celebrates.

The Virgin Martyr. By PHILLIP MASSINGER. With six Designs by F. R. Pickersgill, Esq. London, 1844. Burns.

THE poetry and almost Shaksperian power of touching the emotions which distinguish this tragedy have long been familiarly known to the reading public through the selections of CHARLES LAMB. But Mr. BURNS has done good service to literature by reprinting it entire, with the added charms of rich illustration and splendid typography for which his works are famous. Every page has a fancy border, and the sketches from the pencil of PICKERSGILL are in the best style of art. The volume, with its antique binding, imitative of the old vellum, will form a beautiful Christmas gift.

EDUCATION.

Steill's Royal Pictorial Primer. 1844.

THERE is some novelty in the plan of this primer. It begins with letters in large type, and these are gradually diminished in size as the letters grow into words, and the words expand into sentences. The text is rendered attractive by some really excellent woodcuts.

The Star of the Court; or, the Maid of Honour and Queen of England—Anne Boleyn. By Miss S. BUNBURY. London, 1844. Grant and Griffith.

THIS little volume, dedicated to Young England, is a pleasantly told memoir of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn. The style is simple, as befits the theme and the unlearned minds to whom it is addressed. Miss BUNBURY does not pretend to offer any original information, her aim being only to collect whatever is known relating to the life of ANNE BOLEYN, and to put it into a form likely to interest youthful readers. And in this she has succeeded.

POLITICS.

India and Lord Ellenborough. London, 1844. Dalton. ALTHOUGH the author of this clever pamphlet withholds his name from the title-page, it will be impossible for him long to conceal it from the prying curiosity of the public, for evidently he is one having an intimate knowledge of his subject, and he wields the pen of a skilled and ready writer. A rapid but instructive sketch of the history of the British Government in India precedes the review of the rule of Lord ELLENBOROUGH, which is the main purpose of the essay. The pamphleteer asserts that "in the appointment of his lordship to the office of Governor-General, the Court of Directors were nearly unanimous; it is pretty generally known that on the question of his removal they were quite unanimous." Hence he concludes that personal feeling had not influenced the decision. In two years this change of opinion was effected in a body remarkable for caution, many of them intimately acquainted with India, all having a large pecuniary stake in its welfare; a body in which were mingled men "of long experience in civil, political, legal, military, and maritime affairs; merchants of great eminence, and bankers of the highest standing; most of them of mature age, and the political opinions of the majority being those of the party with whom Lord ELLENBOROUGH has generally acted."

The unanimous decision of such men under such circumstances could only have been produced by a profound sense of incurable error on the part of the Governor-General, and the author then proceeds to examine his lordship's policy and conduct during the brief term of his government, for the purpose of ascertaining what that error was.

For the particulars of this skilful inquiry we must refer the reader to the pamphlet, which will be found an admirable preparative for the debates which the subject must provoke during the ensuing session of Parliament.

RELIGION.

The Nature, Grounds, and Claims of Christian Humility. By the Rev. HENRY EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.D. London, 1845. Clarke and Co.

OPPOSITE to this title-page, but appropriately turning his back upon it, is the portrait of the author, the identical portrait that graced the poem on *Providence*, reviewed some three numbers since.

The first chapter is entitled "A Test for Self-examination." Either the author has not tried it upon himself, or it has egregiously failed.

The second treats of "The Importance of Humility," which in the next chapter it shewn "from the testimonies of eminently godly saints." Mr. EDWARDS will never be transferred to the calendar for practising the virtue he preaches.

"The Nature of Humility," and the "Extent and Disguises of Pride," are two chapters which we especially recommend to his serious attention. We entirely concur in the observation with which he opens the latter. "Were it not for our sinful character and condition, which render us familiar with pride, such a spirit and conduct would appear impossible to any man at all acquainted with the truth to which we have been alluding." "Were we not alike intellectually as well as morally diseased, were our moral perception but clear and cloudless, we should regard each display of pride as a miraculous anomaly. We should adjudge and condemn the characters who were conspicuous for it as being altogether nothing less than fools, lunatics, or fanatics."

By his own test shall he be tried; out of his own mouth condemned. The portrait is "a display of pride" on the part of Mr. EDWARDS, and therefore does he stand self-judged as "intellectually as well as morally diseased," and "nothing less than—" but he is not quite so bad as he would have us to infer, and therefore we spare the remainder of his judgment upon those guilty of "a display of pride."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Natural History of the County of Stafford; comprising its Geology, Zoology, Botany, and Meteorology; also its Antiquities, Topography, Manufactures, &c. By ROBERT GARNER, F.L.S. London, 1844. J. Van Voorst.

TOPOGRAPHICAL works are always welcome, especially when they are produced by observant men, resident upon the spot, and devoting themselves with the earnestness of an enthusiast to the collection of those minute facts and details which escape the careless eye, but which, when described in plain unpretending narrative, always interest and generally instruct a reader, even though he have no personal knowledge of the locality.

One of these valuable contributions to the topography of Great Britain lies before us, and we may congratulate Mr. GARNER upon the industry with which he has noted the natural history of the county of Stafford. This volume is profusely illustrated by engravings, and we are glad to see a long and highly influential list of subscribers.

Such a work is not a subject for criticism, and we shall best introduce it to the notice of our readers by a few extracts.

The introduction informs us that IZAAK WALTON (of whose *Complete Angler* a notice appears in this number) was a native of the county of Stafford. "He was born at a farmhouse, still standing, called the Halfhead, near Shallowford, or Shawford, in the line of the Grand Junction Railway, north of Stafford." He left part of his property at his death to the town of Stafford.

At Wootton Hall, in this county, once resided JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, and here he wrote part of his *Confessions*. He is remembered to have much frequented a "circular cluster of oaks, called the Twenty Oaks."

The first chapter is devoted to the geography of the county, in which the scenery of the river Dove fills a prominent place. The second chapter treats of its meteorology, but we cannot pass this without expressing an objection to the lengthened essay on the science with which the few original observations are introduced. In a work of this kind we look only for a record of facts, noted by the author as occurring within his county, and not for a treatise on meteorology in general.

"Rules for observing the Barometer," borrowed from other works, are quite out of place here.

It seems that 45½° is the mean annual temperature of Staffordshire. In three years, the highest range of the thermometer was 80°, and the lowest 10°. It is worthy of remark that intense frosts are frequently most severe in low situations, and "therefore, shrubs and plants will often survive great frosts better when growing in more hilly and exposed places."

The climate is described as, upon the whole, a healthy one. But our author remarks that "continued fever has of late years been prevalent and fatal in rural districts, even in the most isolated and secluded spots." He adds, "We can see no cause for this, unless it is in the little regard for cleanliness to be noticed in country dwellings." Indeed! Does not Mr. GARNER suspect that low diet may have *something* to do with the low fever?

The third chapter is devoted to the historical antiquities, &c. of the county. From the records of the town of Uttoxeter are taken the following notices, which are curious, as exhibiting the state of the country during the civil war.

1642. Charges when the country went against Stafford the first time, 3s. 4d.

John Sherratt, for leading clods five days to the bulwarks, 16s. Bestowed on the countrymen when they came to guard the town, when the soldiers went to Lichfield, 2s. 3d.

For watching Lord Stanhope and his son at the Crown, 11s.

To a prisoner who came from Hopton battle, 4d. N.B. Fought near Stafford.

Bestowed on Loxley men when they came to trench, 4d.

1643. Paid to the ringers when King Charles 1st was here, 5s. June. Paid to a townsman when he went to guard a field-piece to Tutbury, 8d.

Charges to Wootton Lodge with a horse-load of bread, 1s.

December. For 20 strikes of oats, which were sent for by warrant to Tutbury, 2l. 4s. 10d.

1644. April. For a rope to hang the man who killed John Scott, and for a cord to pinion the prisoner, 1s.

1645. For guides to go a scouting, three nights, 9s.

October. For a sheet, making the grave, ringing, beer, and for burying the soldier that was slain in the street, 4s.

1646. Oct. 6th. Paid to two men for blocking up the town ends with carts, 6d.

Feb. 22nd. For carrying two soldiers to Caverswall, who were maimed in the high wood beyond Uttoxeter, 2s. 6d.

Feb. 14. For two horses and a man to carry bread and cheese to Tutbury in the night, being in great want, 3s. 4d.

1646. October 13th. For quartering Colonel Cromwell's soldiers, 20l.

December. Quartering Colonel Oakley's men, 13l. 2s. 6d.

1647. May 12th. To fifteen men for pulling down Tutbury Castle, 2l. 10s. 4d.

October. To forty-six travellers, or Egyptians, with a pass from Parliament, to travel by the space of six months together to get relief, 4s.

1648. May. For two men watching in the steeple when the town was fearful of an insurrection, 1s. 4d.

1651. August 20th. To ale, bread, and pottage, to relieve the Scotch prisoners, taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Downes, whilst in custody, 2l. 8s.

To another body of Scotch prisoners, 1l. 10s.

1658. For proclaiming the Lord Protector, 1s.

1660. May. Paid the ringers when King Charles the Second was proclaimed, 5s.

For painting the king's arms, 19s. 2d.

In the next chapter the topographical antiquities, churches, tombs, &c. are described.

In Lognor is the tomb of a person remarkable for longevity, with this

CURIOUS EPITAPH.

In memory of William Billinge, who was born in a cornfield at Fairfield-head, in this parish, 1679. At the age of twenty-three years he enlisted into his Majesty's service, under Sir George Rooke, and was at the taking of the fortress of Gibraltar in 1704. He afterwards served under the late Duke of Marlbro' at the ever-memorable battle of Ramillies, fought on the 23rd of May, 1706, where he was wounded by a musket-shot in the thigh; afterwards returned to his native country, and, with manly courage, defended his sovereign's rights at the rebellion in 1715 and 1745. He died within the space of one hundred and fifty yards of the place where he was born, and was interred here the 30th of January, 1791, aged one hundred and twelve years.

"Billeted by Death, I quarter'd here remain;
When the trumpet sounds, I'll rise and march again."

Whichnor presents us with this authentic history of

THE FLITCH OF BACON.

Sir Philip de Somerville held this place, with Alrewas, under John of Gaunt, who, in the year 1347, instituted the custom of the *flitch of bacon*; a condition of the tenure of the estate being to keep that article "at all times of the year but in Lent," in his hall at Whichnor, to be delivered to any man or woman who would claim the same, having been married a year and a day, and who could take the oath undermentioned. The claimant had first to come "to the bailiff or to the porter of the lordship of Whichnor," saying, "Bailiff or Porter, I do you to know, that I come to demand one bacon flyke, hanging in the hall of the Lord of Whichnor, after the form thereunto belonging." After which and other preliminaries, the attendance of Knyghtley, lord of Rudlow, the procession to the hall, of the claimant, accompanied by minstrels, the appearance on his part of "twain of his neighbours" to swear to his having been wedded a year and a day, whether he be "a freeman or a villain," &c. the fortunate claimant had to make oath in the following words:—

"Hear ye, Sir Philip de Somerville, Lord of Whichenovre, mayntener and gyver of this baconne; that I, A, sithe I wedded B, my wife, and sithe I had hyr in my kepyng, and at my wylle, by a year and a day after our marriage, I would not have chaunged for none other, farer ne fowler; richer ne powwer; ne for none other descended of greater lynage; slepyng ne waking at no time. And if the seyd B were sole, and I sole, I would take her to be my wife before all the wymen of the world, of what condicions soever they be, good or evyll: as help me God and all fleshes."

After which oath and the confirmation of it by that of his neighbours, the claimant received, if a freeman, half a quarter of wheat and a cheese; if a villain, half a quarter of rye without cheese; and, to conclude the ceremony, the party was conducted on horseback by "the free tenants of Whichenovre out of that township with trumpets, tabrets, and other minstrelsy, and the Lord Knyghtley was to be ready with his carriage, "that is to say, a horse and a saddle, a sack and a pryke," to carry the said bacon and corn a journey out of the county of Stafford.

At Clifton Camville is a quaint

EPITAPH ON SIR JOHN VERNON.

Pray ye for the solle of Sir John Vernon, knyght,
Who in justice was a spectacle to syght
And spared not himself day nor nyght,
For the pore comonalty help y'm to y'r ryght,
In hospitalyete name here he had
With his meate and his drynk he them so fed,
What they pore hearts he evermore had,
And for his dep'ture were hevy and sad.
Pray ye for the solle, whose bones here do rest,
W'on p'r n'r as ye think best
That he may be receyvd unto the Dyvine brest
Of th' eternall God, qui in coelis est. Amen.

At Wolverhampton we light upon these extracts from the inventory of the church property in 33 Henry VIII.

It. Amonge the relicks, of one image of sylver, and overgilt, with a glass therein, and a thorn, weying five ounces and a quarter.

It. A cross of wood, with sylver therabout, not weyed, which was called parcel of the wholly cross.

It. One round thing like a box of sylver, and gilt, wherein it is said should be enclosed a piece of the wholly candle, not weyed.

It. Another box of sylver like a salt with birrall, not weyed.

It. Our Ladye's shoes were sold for 8s. 4d.

The fifth chapter describes the geology of the county, and here again we meet with a very needless essay in vindication of the science of geology.

The zoology, botany, and fossils, which occupy several chapters, ought to be the most interesting and attractive portions of such a work as this, but unfortunately Mr. GARNER has confined himself to a mere dry catalogue, without any of the anecdote or personal observation which gives the charm to *White's Natural History of Selborne*.

An account of the manufacture of pottery, a memoir of WEDGWOOD, a description of the lead and copper mines, and a collection of statistical tables, complete the volume, which might have been made a much more interesting, if not a more useful one.

Points and Pickings of Information about China and the Chinese. By the Author of "Soldiers and Sailors," &c. London, 1844. Grant and Griffith.

A LITTLE book, containing a great deal of curious information about a country and a people, of whom, according to Sir HENRY POTTINGER, we have formed most erroneous notions, and whose civilization we vastly underrate. Every work calculated to extend our knowledge of the mighty Empire lately opened to the enterprise of British commerce, is therefore acceptable; and not the least welcome of the many publications upon the subject will be this collection of *Points and Pickings*, made by a discursive reader, and illustrated by numerous engravings of extraordinary merit as works of art. It is another excellent Christmas present. Of course it does not admit of formal criticism; but two or three of the *Pickings* will exhibit its manner, and amuse our readers.

If "shopping" in England be so tempting an amusement to the ladies, what must not be

SHOPPING IN CANTON.

To go shopping is a pleasant thing for a foreigner, and if he have spare time and spare money, he may lay out both in a very agreeable manner among the "Chow-chow," or mixture of articles most in repute. The word "Pou-hoa" (no cheating here) over the door; the black board, bearing the name of the shopkeeper, announces also the goods he sells, whether it be silver-work, lacquer-work, or turning and carving in wood, ivory, mother-of-pearl, or tortoiseshell.

You are met by the shopkeeper with so pleasant a smile; he asks you "How you do?" with so much good will, and expresses his natural desire to "do littee pidgeon (business) long you" so expressively, that your heart opens while you look around. The cup of tea that he offers you from his little teapot does you good; you buy freely; your purchases are put aside with the "chop" (list of goods) for the cooly to carry to your boat, and on paying your account, some tasty little article, by way of cum-shaw (present) is proffered you by the shopkeeper; thus passes away a very pleasant hour.

China is certainly not the Paradise of women. From birth there is a marked distinction in the treatment of the sexes indicated in the following translation of

A DIDACTIC POEM.

When a son is born,
He sleeps in a bed;
He is clothed in robes;
He plays with gems;
His cry is princely loud.—
But when a daughter is born,
She sleeps on the ground;
She is clothed with a wrapper;
She plays with a tile;
She is incapable either of evil or good:—
It is hers only to think of preparing wine and food,
And not giving any occasion of grief to her parents.

PUNISHMENT OF THE BAMBOO.

No sooner is the sentence pronounced by the magistrate against a culprit for a trifling crime, than a number of bamboo slips are taken by the latter from a jar well supplied with them, standing on the table before him; these being flung on the ground, make known to the executioner the number of blows to be inflicted. To work he goes at once with his bamboo, unless the prisoner is refractory; in the latter case he seizes the culprit's long tail, wraps it a few times round his hand or wrist, and, placing his victim on his face on the ground, gives him the number of blows.

This bambooning, belabouring, or bastinadoing is no trifling affair to him who endures it, for the bamboo is a piece of wood thin at the end by which it is held, and flat and thick at the other; the pain inflicted is very great, and for this fatherly correction, the culprit has humbly to thank his judge, after which ceremony he walks away. In most cases, when an offender has money, he can lessen his punishment by payment of a certain sum. The rich as well as the poor are liable to the discipline of the bamboo, but their money protects the former from its rigorous application.

The following particulars will interest all, and be new to many:—

TEA.

Teas are black or green, and of both kinds there are several qualities. Of the black kind there are Pekoe, black-leaved Pekoe, Souchong, Congoe, and Bohea; and of the green, the Twankay, Hyson-skin, Hyson, Gunpowder, and Young Hyson. This is so clear that I dare say you will now remember the names of both kinds.

You must not suppose that the different black teas are in reality different plants; they grow on the same plant, but they are gathered at different times. The pekoe is plucked when the tea-leaves are just budding forth; the black-leaved pekoe is gathered a little later; the souchong later still, and so on till the oldest leaves are gathered, and these are bohea.

The meaning of Bohea is Ta-cha, large tea. Congou means Kung-foo, or assiduity. Souchong means Seaou-Chung, small or scarce sort. Pekoe means Pak-hoo, white down; so now you have the meaning of the names of all the black teas.

But though the young tea-leaves are better than when they are older, that is not the only reason why one tea is dearer than another. Some teas are picked with more care than others, and prepared with much greater trouble; thus hyson, which means flourishing spring, is not only gathered early, but every separate leaf is twisted and rolled by the hand with great care; and gunpowder is carefully picked hyson. The roundest and the best rolled leaves are picked out, so that they have a more uniform and grain-like appearance than the hyson. Gunpowder tea is, indeed, often called by the Chinese Choo-cha, or pearl-tea. In common teas there is more of the wood or stalk of the plant than in the better kinds.

Both black and green teas are dried by fire, and the heat in some measure curls them both, but the fire has most to do in curling the black teas, and the hand in curling the green. The tales about green teas being dried in copper and brass pans, and turned green by the verdigris, or rust of the metal, are all idle reports. Green tea, like the black, is dried in iron pans. The green tea-plant and the black tea-plant are different, but the difference between the two kinds of tea is more owing to the manner of preparing them than to any other cause. Indeed, it is said that green tea can be made from the black tea-plant. In packing teas, the green are used more tenderly than the black, for while the latter are only shaken into the chests, the former are pressed down by the foot.

The Poetical Book of Fate; a merry Pastime for Christmas Parties. London, 1844. Newby.

THIS is an improvement on the old Christmas game of fortune-telling. The answers are in rhyme, and superior in sentiment, sense, and poetry to those seen upon the cards usually introduced for the amusement of a dull party.

Ephemerides; or Occasional Recreations at the Sea-port Town of Tant-Perd-Tant-Paye. By ROBERT M. HOVENDEN, Esq. London, 1844. T. C. Newby.

THE title of this volume well describes its contents; a collection of trifles, the amusement of idle hours, written for, if not already published by, magazines, and aspiring only to an ephemeral existence. The subjects are various, and the titles of some of them will convey the best notion of the materials of which the volume is composed. *Landing in France* is a graphic sketch of a scene now familiar to almost everybody. *Odds and Ends* is a large selection of scraps of wisdom. *The Rubbish of Literature* performs the same office for the vagaries of authors. *The most miserable Woman in the World* is a very Frenchified tale, which reads like a translation. *British Chapels Abroad* reveals the secret histories of some of these establishments. *The Pusey Mania* branches off into the topics of celibacy and confession, and from these the author passes to a *Discourse on the Passion of Love*, to which M. COUSIN appends some remarks; and these, again, call forth *A Protest*. *A Hint from Rabelais* occupies a chapter. Then there is a very powerfully written tale, entitled *The Duellist and the Bridegroom*. A few papers beside these require no notice. The author's style is lively and agreeable, and the volume may be taken up during moments when we cannot apply ourselves to more formal works, and it can be laid down as readily. There is enough of original common sense and selected wisdom to insure that the time so given to it will not be

wasted. As a specimen, we take a portion of the essay on

THE RUBBISH OF LITERATURE.

There is another species of rubbish, upon which considerable ingenuity is wasted—emblematic poetry, so it may be termed. Here the writer puzzles his brains to no better purpose than to torture a number of lines into the material form of the objects he would describe.

For example: a Latin poet of the fourteenth century has erected the following lines into a cross.

Trepida,
Fragilis
Reaque
Hominis
Anima,
Necis in avida barathra, sceleris onere, ruerat.
Pia remedia reperiet amor: obit homo Deus!
Macula luitur; hominis anima cruce redimitur.

Solita
Spolia
Repetit
Rutilus
Coluber:
Rabidus
Inhiat,
Uliat
Gemitat,
Locaque
Picea
Olida
Spatia
Peragrat
Vacuus.
At homo
Supera
Poterit
Ut amet
Petere
Solyma

Sedet ubi Deus.
Dominus ubi facilior
Bona retribuit inopibus, ubi
Tenuia levique, crucis ope, cumulat
Merita, neque gravia strepere tonitrua patitur.

In later times, Panard has resuscitated these uselessly difficult trifles, and given to poetical pieces the forms of a lozenge, and even of a glass and a bottle.

Tes
Attrait,
Belle Elvire,
M'ont su séduire
Sous ton doux empire:
Content quand je te voi,
Mon ardeur pour toi
Est extrême.
De même
Aime-
Moi.

So much for the lozenge; now for the glass:

Nous ne pouvons rien trouver sur la terre
Que soit si bon, ni si beau que le verre;
Du tendre amour berceau charmant,
C'est toi, champêtre fougère,
C'est toi qui sers à faire
L'heureux instrument
Où souvent pétille
Mousse et brille
Le jus qui rend
Gai, riant,
Content;
Quelle douceur
Il porte au cœur!
Tôt,
Tôt,
Tôt,
Qu'on m'en donne,
Qu'on l'entonne!
Tôt,
Tôt,
Tôt,
Qu'on m'en donne,
Vite, et comme il faut!
L'on y voit, sur ses flots chéris,
Nager l'allégresse et les ris.

After the glass, the bottle follows as a necessary consequence:

Que mon
Flacon
Me semble bon!
Sans lui
L'ennui
Me nuit
Me suit.
Je sens
Mes sens
Mourans,
Pesans.

Quand je la tiens,
Dieux! que je suis bien!
Que son aspect est agréable!
Que je fais cas de ses divins presents!
C'est de son sein fécond, c'est de ses heureux flancs,
Que coule ce nectar si doux, si délectable
Qui rend tous les esprits, tous les cœurs satisfaits.
Cher objet de mes vœux, tu fais toute ma gloire.
Tant que mon cœur vivra, de tes charmans bienfaits
Il saura conserver la fidèle mémoire:
Ma muse à te louer se consacre à jamais
Tantôt dans un caveau, tantôt sous une treille,
Ma lyre, de ma voix accompagnant le son,
Répètera cent fois cette aimable chanson;
Règne sans fin, ma charmante bouteille;
Règne sans cesse, mon flacon!

I might lead the passive reader through a labyrinth of sonnets, acrostics, and charades, that would keep his brain in a whirl for a month to come. It is curious to think how trumpery of such a kind will haunt one; how, like a night-mare, it will not be shaken off; but, as I am strong, so will I be merciful, and cut short the catalogue with a pithy saying of Joanna Baillie:

"Surely, writing verses must possess some power of intoxication, that it can thus turn a sensible man into a fool!"

A Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, obsolete Phrases, Proverbs and ancient Customs, from the Fourteenth Century, &c. By JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq. F.R.S. Part I. London, 1844. J. A. Smith.

SUCH a work as this has been a desideratum in our literature, now admirably supplied by Mr. HALLIWELL. Its design is stated to be, within as moderate a compass as possible to give a large collection of those obsolete and provincial words which are most likely to be generally useful, without extending its size by etymological and other similar researches. The greater portion of the archaisms are illustrated by examples, many of them selected from early inedited MSS. and rare books, collected with a laborious research most creditable to the editor. The provincialisms were gathered from all parts of the kingdom by means of a circular addressed principally to the country clergy. Among other communications, Mr. HALLIWELL informs us that he had the use of a very valuable unpublished Warwickshire glossary, an extensive MS. collection of Somersetshire words, formed during the last century, and an important list of Lincolnshire words.

With such materials a work of great novelty, interest, and utility might be anticipated: nor will the purchaser be disappointed in his researches. He will be surprised at the vast number of words that fall within the purview of this dictionary, and he will be amused by the quaintness of many of them, and by the quotations by which they are illustrated.

To exhibit the manner in which Mr. HALLIWELL has executed his task we select a few of the words to which curious descriptions are appended:—

ABRAHAM-MEN.—According to the Fraternity of Vaca-bondes, 1575, "an Abraham-man is he that walketh bare-armed and bare-legged, and fayneth himselfe mad, and caryeth a packe of wool, or a stycke with baken on it, or such lyke toy, and nameth himselfe poore Tom." They are alluded to by Shakespeare under the name of Bedlam Beggars, and their still more usual appellation was Toms of Bedlam, q. v. According to Grose, to "sham Abram" is to pretend sickness, which Nares thinks may have some connection with the other term. See also Aubrey's Nat. Hist. Wilts, MS. p. 259; Harrison's Description of England, p. 184.

ALFAREZ.—An ensign. (*Span.*) The term is used by Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher. According to Nares, who refers to MS. Harl. 6804, the word was in use in our army during the civil wars of Charles I. It was also written *alferes*.

ALL-IN-THE-WELL.—A juvenile game in Newcastle and the neighbourhood. A circle is made about eight inches in diameter, termed the well, in the centre of which is placed a wooden peg four inches long, with a button balanced on the top. Those desirous of playing give buttons, marbles, or any thing else, according to agreement, for the privilege of throwing a short stick with which they are furnished at the peg. Should the button fly out of the ring, the player is entitled to double the stipulated value of what he gives for the stick. The game is also practised at the Newcastle races, and other places of amusement in the north, with three pegs, which are put into three circular holes, made in the ground, about two feet apart, and forming a triangle. In this case each hole contains a peg, about nine inches long, upon which are deposited either a small knife or some copper. The person playing gives so much for each stick, and gets all the articles that are thrown off so as to fall on the outside of the holes.

ALL-TO-SMASH.—Smashed to pieces. *Somerset.* The phrase is not peculiar to that county. A Lancashire man, telling his master the mill-dam had burst, exclaimed, "Maister, maister, dam's brossen, and aw's to smash!"

AMBASSADOR.—A game played by sailors to duck some inexperienced fellow or landsman, thus described by Grose. A large tub is filled with water, and two stools placed on each side of it. Over the whole is thrown a tarpaulin, or old sail, which is kept tight by two persons seated on the stools, who are to represent the king and queen of a foreign country. The person intended to be ducked plays the ambassador, and after repeating a ridiculous speech dictated to him, is led in great form up to the throne, and seated between the king and queen, who rise suddenly, as soon as he is seated, and the unfortunate ambassador is of course deluged in the tub.

It will scarcely be necessary to add a cordial recommendation of this useful work.

Tales of the North American Indians, and Adventures of the Early Settlers in America. By BARBARA HAWES. London, 1844. Longman and Co.

THE title of this book indicates the nature of its contents. Miss HAWES has gathered from various historical sources, and from divers travels, anecdotes of the Indians of North America, and retailed them after her own fashion, extended or clipped, and probably a little coloured also, so as to make of them a very attractive and amusing story-book, calculated to please boys and girls, and which grown people will be tempted to read, if they will condescend to open it and dip into a page or two. Her composition is easy and unaffected, as that of simple narrative should be. In proof of this, and that the volume will be a welcome new-year's gift, we select one of the tales.

THE MURDERER'S CREEK.

There is a little stream which runs into that most beautiful of all rivers, the noble Hudson, that still bears the name of the "Murderer's Creek," though few perhaps can tell why it was so called. About a century ago the beautiful region watered by this stream was possessed by a small tribe of Indians, which has long since become extinct, or incorporated with some more powerful nation of the West. Three or four hundred yards from the mouth of this little river, a white family of the name of Stacey had established itself in a log-house, by tacit permission of the tribe, to whom Stacey had made himself by his skill in a variety of arts highly estimated by the savages. In particular a friendship subsisted between him and an old Indian, called Naoman, who often came to his house and partook of his hospitality. The family consisted of Stacey, his wife, and two children, a boy and a girl, the former five, and the latter three years old.

The Indians never forgive injuries nor forget benefits.

One day Naoman came to Stacey's log-house in his absence, lighted his pipe, and sat down. He looked unusually serious, sometimes sighed deeply, but said not a word. Stacey's wife asked him what was the matter—if he were ill; he shook his head, but said nothing, and soon went away. The next day he came, and behaved in the same manner. Stacey's wife began to think there was something strange in all this, and acquainted her husband with the matter as soon as he came home. He advised her to urge the old man to explain his conduct, in case he should come again, which he did the following day. After much importunity, the old Indian at last replied to her questions in this manner. "I am a red man, and the pale faces* are our enemies—why should I speak?" "But my husband and I are your friends; you have eaten bread with us a hundred times, and my children have sat on your knees as often. If you have anything on your mind, tell it me now." "It will cost me my life, if it is

known, and your white-faced women are not good at keeping secrets," replied Naoman. "Try me, and you will find that I can," said she. "Will you swear by the Great Spirit that you will tell none but your husband?" "I have no one else to tell." "But will you swear?" "I do swear by our Great Spirit that I will tell none but my husband." "Not if my tribe should kill you for not telling?" "No, not though your tribe should kill me for not telling." Naoman then proceeded to tell her that, owing to the frequent encroachments of the white people on their land at the foot of the mountains, his tribe had become exceedingly angry, and were resolved that night to massacre all the white settlers within their reach; that she must send for her husband, and inform him of the danger, and as secretly and speedily as possible, take their canoe, and paddle with all haste over the river to Fishkill for safety. "Be quick, and cause no suspicion," said Naoman, as he departed.

The good wife instantly sought her husband, who was down on the river fishing, told him the story, and as no time was to be lost, they proceeded to their boat, which was unluckily filled with water. It took some time to clear it out, and meanwhile Stacey recollected his gun, which he had left behind. He went to his house, and returned with it. All this took a considerable time, and precious time it proved to this poor family.

The daily visits of Naoman, and his more than ordinary gravity, had excited suspicion in some of his tribe, who therefore now paid particular attention to the movements of Stacey. One of the young Indians who had been kept on the watch, seeing the whole family about to take the boat, ran to the little Indian village, about a mile off, and gave the alarm.

Five stout Indians immediately collected, and ran down to the river, where their canoes were moored, jumped in, and paddled after Stacey, who by this time had got some distance out into the stream. They gained upon him so fast, that twice he dropped his paddle and took up his gun. But his wife prevented his shooting, by telling him that if he fired, and they were afterwards overtaken, they would meet with no mercy from the Indians. He accordingly refrained, and plied his paddle, till the sweat rolled in big drops down his forehead. All would not do; they were overtaken within a hundred yards from the opposite shore, and carried back with shouts and yells of triumph.

The first thing the Indians did when they got ashore, was to set fire to Stacey's house. They then dragged him, his wife and children, to their village. Here the principal old men, and Naoman among them, assembled to deliberate on the affair. The chief men of the council expressed their opinion that some of the tribe had been guilty of treason, in apprizing Stacey, the white man, of their designs, whereby they took alarm, and had well nigh escaped. They proposed that the prisoners should be examined, in order to discover who was the traitor. The old men assented to this, and one of them who spoke English, began by interrogating Stacey, and interpreted what was said to the others. Stacey refused to betray his informant. His wife was then questioned, while two Indians stood threatening the children with their tomahawks in case she did not confess.

She attempted to evade the truth, by pretending that she had a dream the night before, which had warned her to fly, and that she had persuaded her husband to do so. "The Great Spirit never deigns to talk in dreams to the white faces," said one of the old Indians; "Woman, thou hast two tongues and two faces; speak the truth, or thy children shall surely die." The little boy and girl were then brought close to her, and the two savages stood over them to execute their cruel orders.

"Wilt thou name that red man," said the old Indian, "who betrayed his tribe? I will ask thee three times." The mother made no answer. "Wilt thou name the traitor? This is the second time." The poor woman looked at her husband, and then at her children, and stole a glance at Naoman, who sat smoking his pipe with invincible gravity. She wrung her hands and wept, but remained silent. "Wilt thou name the traitor? I ask you for the third and last time." The agony of the mother was more and more intense: again she sought the eye of Naoman, but it was cold and motionless. A moment's delay was made for her reply. She was silent. The tomahawks were raised over the heads of her children, who besought their mother to release them.

"Stop," cried Naoman. All eyes were instantly turned upon him. "Stop," repeated he, in a tone of authority. "White woman, thou hast kept thy word with me to the last moment. Chiefs, I am the traitor. I have eaten the bread, warmed myself at the fire, and shared the kindness of these Christian white people, and it was I who told them of their danger. I am a withered, leafless, branchless trunk; cut me down if you will: I am ready to fall."

A yell of indignation resounded on all sides. Naoman descended from the little bank of earth on which he sat, shrouded his dark countenance in his buffalo robe, and calmly awaited his fate. He fell dead at the feet of the white woman, by the blow of the tomahawk.

But the sacrifice of Naoman, and the heroic firmness of the

* The Indians call all white people the pale faces.

Christian white woman did not suffice to save the lives of the other victims. They perished—how, it is needless to say; but the memory of their fate has been preserved in the name of the beautiful little stream on whose banks they lived and died, which to this day is called the "Murderer's Creek."

Views of Canada and the Colonists, &c. By a Four Years' Resident. Edinburgh, 1844. A. and C. Black.

To persons contemplating emigration this volume will be invaluable, for it contains a greater amount of useful information, of instruction in small details, so much needed, so difficult to obtain when wanted,—than we remember ever to have seen collected in a single volume. It opens with a series of letters descriptive of the country, its inhabitants, its towns, its trades, its farms, its ways of life, the state of education, its backwoods, and dwellers there. Appended to these letters is a collection of statistical information relative to wages, rent, prices of provisions, cost of land and of clearing wild lands; the prices of stock, farm-buildings, implements of husbandry, and household furniture, the profits of tillage and grazing, and so forth. This is followed by the author's general views of Canada, illustrative of its present condition and prospects;—such as its extent, aspect, and resources, its income and expenditure. To complete the work as a guide-book, full directions are given to the intending emigrant what preparations he is to make for the voyage, as to the choice of a vessel when he arrives at Quebec, or, at New York, what routes should be taken through the interior. A large and careful map of the colony adds much to the utility of a volume which appears to be the result of diligent inquiry directed by practical experience.

Punch's Almanack for 1845.

In all respects worthy of the office from which it emanates—full of fun in type and wood-cut—this Almanack recommends itself as specially adapted to make time pass merrily along. In proof, take a few of the good things that are heaped in profusion upon its pages:—

WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

Advice to persons about to marry—Don't.

THE ART OF PACKING.

A carpet bag should be packed by placing the clean linen in first, including the frilled shirts. After which stuff in the coats and boots, garnish with shaving tackle, and ram down with hair-brush. If the packing is not then successful, insert your foot into the bag, and pull fiercely at the handles. It does not matter about the carpet bag being wide open at both sides, so as it is closed with a padlock in the middle.

A VOICE FROM THE BAKEHOUSE.

A good baker should grow his own mutton. This is easily done by placing his customers' legs in a row, according to sizes. Having purchased the smallest leg you can find, change it for one of the bakings which is a little larger; that again should take the place of the next bulkier joint, and so on until you arrive at the largest. You can then walk off with your leg. A good crop of bak'd taters may be got by digging one out of each customer's dish.

THE LANGUAGE OF DOOR-KNOCKERS.

Rat signifies—Pots, taxes, paper, duns, "D'ye want any apples?" physis, the dustman on boxing-day, and servants' followers.

Rat-tat announces—the postman, the comical cousin, and the "downy" dun.

Rat-tat-tat—is the signal of a poor relation, a charity-touter, or a bill of exchange.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat—rat-tatett—indicates a footman in full powder, the polka-professor, the pet-parson, or the chimney-on fire.

Ratta-ra-tata—but no, a gentleman's knock cannot be described by the most ingenious phonography.

APPROPRIATE BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

The most appropriate birthday gifts are such things as nobody wants, or nobody would use. Velvet braces lined with satin, and embroidered with butterflies, are the best adapted for any relative engaged in a light fancy business, as a South Sea whaler, &c. Painted French garters will do well for a grandfather with one leg in the grave; a silver mounted riding-whip is likely to suit an uncle in the navy; and a cocked hat is just the thing for a friend who is a Quaker.

BOILING.

The boiling point varies in different localities. In Belgrave and

Grosvenor-squares, May-fair, and Spring-gardens, the pot can scarcely be boiled under 3,000l. a year; whereas up at Camden-town the pot will boil at 150l. or 200l.; and about St. Giles's or Spitalfields, at 7s. or 8s. per week.

CONFESSIONS OF A CONDUCTOR.

'Buses is erroneously said to hold only 13 insides; if they like they can hold a great many more, besides bundles and wet umbrellas. Man is a squeezable animal, and 'busses is like carpet bags, there's no knowing what they will hold till you tries 'em. Consequently, though your 'buss seems full, shove 'em in, and drive on, and they are sure to shake down, and fit in as close as wood pavement. Bad sixpences is useful on rainy nights, for stingy women as won't pay more than the fare for themselves and a caravan full of parcels. When short of passengers, stop at the corner of every street to make observations and dance the polka on the foot-board.

Rees's Improved Diary and Almanack for 1845, published by Graham, is a compact and useful little pocket-book, with pages ruled for memoranda and accounts.

MUSIC.

MR. C. E. HORN'S LECTURES ON MUSIC.

Mr. CHARLES E. HORN is now delivering at the Polytechnic Institution a series of lectures on Music. The first was devoted to the history of English music; his purpose being to shew that England has a national music of her own, and that the English people are musical; positions which it has been the custom of foreigners to deny so peremptorily, that the English have come at last to doubt whether they had either a music or a taste for music. Mr. HORN traced from the earliest time a continuous series of characteristic music, some of the early specimens being extremely curious. His idea was, that the Welsh music was borrowed from the Danes, and in proof he played a Danish air, which bore a striking resemblance to the Welsh melody, "Of a noble race was Shenkin." Mr. HORN exhibited the rise and progress of our magnificent cathedral music. The madrigalists next engaged his attention. PURCELL's unrivalled powers were shewn in his "Britons strike home," which the lecturer sung with great spirit. He then discussed the music of MACBETH, and LOCK's disputed title to its authorship. Mr. HORN shewed, by specimens, the similarity between some of the music of LOCK's MACBETH and that of MIDDLETON's *Witch*. In the last century, CAREY, ARNE, DIBDIN, and CARTER, were particularly noticed, and choice illustrations of the best works of each were given, and greatly delighted the audience.

Mr. HORN concluded with singing his own delightful composition, "The deep, deep sea."

We have already had occasion to notice Mr. HORN's peculiar abilities as a lecturer. His delivery is pleasing, his style is well adapted for an audience, being simple and intelligible; he is a master of music both as an art and as a science; he possesses an exquisite taste and rare feeling, as is proved by his many works, that have kept their place among the national music of England, and illustrated, as are these lectures, by a choice band and his own voice and pianoforte accompaniment, they form one of the most attractive entertainments at present offered by the Metropolis, and combining instruction with amusement, they should be heard by all who learn and all who love music.

MR. C. E. HORN'S DRAMATIC CONCERT.

A NOVEL species of entertainment under this title was commenced by Mr. CHARLES HORN, on Saturday the 21st inst. at the Lecture Rooms of the Polytechnic Institution. The first part consisted of a sort of Oratorio, or Sacred Cantata, as he terms it, called *The Christmas Bells*, the poetry for which was written by the Rev. J. W. BROWNE, and the music composed by himself. He was aided by a select band, his accomplished wife, and a few clever vocalists. Altogether the work was one of which the author may be proud. It entitles him to the very highest place among the composers of Great Britain. It was music of the loftiest class—music that will live. The anthem and chorus, "And there were Shepherds abiding in the fields," would have done no discredit to

HANDEL. The finale chorus, "The bells, the bells," was a splendid burst of joyous sounds, and was received by the audience with merited enthusiasm. But it would be impossible within our limits to name all of the twenty-six different subjects treated in this masterly production. They are, or are to be, published, and every house having a piano will soon echo their inspiring strains. All was admirably executed, both by Mr. and Mrs. HORN and their assistants; and the company expressed themselves highly gratified, and anxious for a repetition of the treat.

The Second Part consisted of the *Musical Illustrations of Shakspeare's Seven Ages*, which we have already noticed at some length in the columns of THE CRITIC. Hereafter we may more minutely examine the merits of the *Christmas Bells*.

New Publications.

Sweet! look on me from above. Serenade. The poetry by Miss ELLEN PICKERING. Composed by GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN. London. Tregear and Co.

THERE is nothing in this serenade that particularly strikes the listener. It is neither better nor worse than the songs one is accustomed to hear in drawing-rooms, where the new is generally preferred to the beautiful. These are the words. Our lady readers shall determine their worth.

Sweet! look on me from above
With thy beaming eye;
Whisper one fond word of love
Ere I say "Good-bye."
Only for a time farewell;
Long we must not part;
Ours the love no words can tell,
Ours the constant heart.

Sweetest, say one fond word more
Ere we part to-night;
Say thou'rt mine, love, o'er and o'er,
Till the dawning light.
Once methought I heard it, love;
Say it, sweet, again,
Louder—but the night-winds blow,
And thou speak'st in vain!

The festive Song has died away. Written by Mrs. MARY S. B. DANA. Composed by CHARLES E. HORN. MONRO and May.

Wouldst thou recall me, Weeping Child of Earth? Sacred Song. Written by H. F. G. Composed by C. E. HORN. MONRO and May.

It is always with pleasure that we open a sheet of music having upon it the favourite name of C. E. HORN. This composer has given us so many pleasures that we are greedy for more, and shall receive with gratitude every addition he is pleased to offer to our musical library. Here are two songs, one, *Wouldst thou recall me?* a sacred melody, in which there is the solemnity required for the subject, without the least of heaviness, and presenting some pleasing and consistent changes. That from minor to major at the words "Here shines the glory" expresses the poetry admirably; indeed we have often observed Mr. HORN's happy talent for adapting sound to sense, and expressing thoughts in music. We give the words without comment:—

Wouldst thou recall me, weeping child of earth?
Wouldst thou awake my peaceful sleeping clay?
Time's brightest treasures, all its joys are worth,
One breath of Heaven would sweep as dust away.
I've done with all the shadowy forms
That mortals yet pursue;
The changing forms, the vapour lights,
That shine to mock their view.

Wouldst thou recall me there again to stray?

Here shines the glory, cloud shall never shade,
Here flow the fountains of eternal joy;
This tree of life hath leaves that cannot fade,
Balm pure and healing, fruits that never fade.

Now of love and faith and hope,
Comes the sure reward;
We are crowned an angel band,
In a sweet accord,

Singing to our golden harps, "Holy, holy Lord!"
Wouldst thou recall me from the blest employ?

In *The Festive Scene* we see that Mr. HORN's talent is not confined to one style. The music is more severe and classical, and will no doubt meet the approbation of the scientific musician. These are the words:—

The festive scene has died away,
And silence reigns around;
Forgotten is the mirthful lay,
And every tuneful sound.

The fragrant flower has faded too
That decked fair Beauty's brow,
The morning saw it bright with dew,
'Tis crushed and withered now.

And like the soft melodious lay
Shall I forgotten be;
And like the flower that fades away,
Shall none thy beauties see.

But if I hear in every breath
Some sweet undying strain,
Or like the rose grown sweet in death,
I have not lived in vain.

We recommend all lovers of real music, and all who desire to encourage native talent, to add these two beautiful songs to their portfolio.

ART.

THE PANORAMA OF NAPLES AND ITS BAY.

WITH the exception, perhaps, of the masterly and elaborate Panorama of Hong Kong—which we are glad to find still receiving that liberal support which its merits justify—we scarcely remember having been so thoroughly pleased with a picture of this nature as we were with a view of the "City and Bay of Naples," opened for exhibition by Mr. BURFORD on Monday last.

There is no other spot on the face of the globe which embraces, within range of the eye, from one point, so much of classic interest and of landscape beauty, as may be commanded from the position whence this panorama was sketched. The Bay of Naples, from its extent, grandeur of curve, and its sweetly varied and majestic back-ground, has for centuries been renowned as the most perfect in the world. Add to this a picturesque and magnificent city, and an active volcano, and there is afforded material for an attractive and interesting picture. And such is the Panorama of Naples.

The time chosen by the artist is night, and there is a grand eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The prospect is taken from a point in the bay in front of, and near, St. Elmo; hence, the two curves along which the city extends, with the churches, palaces, quays, and forts, and the villas and convents on the heights behind, are comprised in one view. To the left stretches away the promontory of Pausilippo; to the right lies Vesuvius, and further still Cape Campanella. Behind the whole tower the majestic peaks of the Appenines; while the bay is thickly studded with vessels of many shapes and sizes, which give animation to the picture. There is a two-fold effect of light—one arising from the moon, which shines calmly in a cloudless atmosphere over the island of Capri; and the other from Mount Vesuvius, which shoots up flames and ashes, on the right of the town. It will at once be perceived by every one, that to manage those cross lights truthfully must be an undertaking of difficulty, and requiring great skill. It has, however, been successfully accomplished. The predominance of the lurid glare from the volcano on the town and shipping, and the gradual tempering of it along the receding hills to the tomb of Virgil and promontory of Pausilippo, have been justly observed, and equally so the serene effects of moonlight to the south and east.

As usual with Mr. BURFORD's panoramas, there is much careful painting in this picture. The colouring generally is good, and the perspective,—a task of nicety in circular pictures, unobjectionable. The numerous craft in the bay are opposed and grouped with consummate skill, and are actual transcripts of the several denominations of vessels that visit the bay. Perhaps the least satisfactory part of the whole is the eruption of Vesuvius itself, which, though accompanied with the usual phenomena of lightning, and red-hot stones projected high into the air, falls short of the idea imagination

had conceived of it. Possibly, however, the anticipations of fancy here, as in so many other of our experiences, exceed the reality; and, since actual light may not be hoped for, this may be a fair representation of the spectacle itself.

This, we are informed, is the first night-scene ever exhibited at the panorama. Of its success, as it is a most interesting and superior picture, there can be, we opine, no doubt. The mind receives no impressions, so distinct and enduring as those which come through the eye. To all then who would see one of the grandest landscape views which the world affords, and desire to carry away a faithful and vivid impression of it, we strongly recommend a visit to the Panorama of Naples and Mount Vesuvius.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1845. 3rd edition. London, Fisher and Co.

THIS is indeed a book for the drawing-room; a splendid new-year's gift. Received just as we are going to press, we have not time to notice its literary contents; these we must reserve for the next CRITIC: but we cannot permit this number to appear without directing the attention of our readers to its beauty as a work of art. First and most interesting are portraits of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, by Sir W. Ross, exquisitely engraved by ROBINSON. DAVID'S *Date obolium Belisario* is a fine classical picture, new to Englishmen. *A View of the Rhine above St. Goar* would be creditable even to TURNER. Mr. BARTLETT has caught his spirit without his mannerism. Very eastern is VEIT'S *Behold the Place where they laid him*; the attitude of the mourning figure is admirable. *The Parting Word* is prettily designed, though the lady is not to our taste; she looks more like meeting than parting. *The View of the Pavilion and Garden of a Mandarin* is very interesting, now that we all desire to know every thing about China. *The Morn of Life* is a sweet child's portrait by Sir W. Ross. *St. Peter's at Rome* is a clever engraving of a difficult kind—that of an interior. Charming, too, is the *Forgotten Days* of PICKERSGILL; the easy attitudes of the children are in good taste. There is an engraving from a masterly picture by CONING, *The Voice is Jacob's Voice*. The patriarch is a fine old man, whom RAPHAEL might have envied. Another attractive Chinese scene is that of a *Raree Show at Lin-sin-choo*, full of life and character. We can personally testify to the correctness of the view of the noble *Amphitheatre at Verona*. *Genoa from the Heights* is a delicious scene, and the haze that hovers over the sea has been cleverly preserved by the graver. *The Sultana in her State Carriage at Constantinople* is a well-grouped picture. *The Tung Ting Shan* is a very remarkable spot in China, two huge rocks forming natural arches, beneath which ships can pass. We have seen better views of *Tivoli* than the one here presented. *The Fountain near the Great Gate of the Seraglio at Constantinople* is a curious specimen of Turkish architecture. And what a charming little boy is *Prince Philippe, Count of Flanders*! *The Favoured One*, by BROWN, is a delicious group; two lovely creatures in the bath, but we do not see the application of the name given to the picture. One of RAPHAEL'S *Holy Families* has been engraved with great care by HALL. *An apartment in a Mandarin's house* recalls us to China, and introduces us to domestic life there. *The Castle of Argiro Castra* is a picturesque spot, and *A Greek Priest's House* is novel and curious. There are clever portraits of *Earl Grey*, *O'Connell*, and *M. Faraday*, and at least half-a-dozen other views, and so forth, which we have not space to particularize. There should not be a drawing-room ungraced by *Fisher's Scrap Book*. It is the most attractive of the annuals.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAYS.

The Westminster boys, in exercise of their time-honoured privilege of laughing at the prevailing topic of the day, have this year aimed their wit against Mesmerism. We subjoin a translation, for which we are indebted to an old Westminster scholar:—

The Prologue and Epilogue to the Eunuchus, translated in a style between free and literal version. Produced December 1844.

Prologue.

The British never rest. In earlier times
They sought to penetrate earth's unknown climes.
Still they progress—extending more and more,
Through the whole world they labour to explore,
And open out a field in ampler parts,
Where purer science hails some later arts;
And times gone by with all that they adored,
Their glory faded, dwindle and are scorned.
We'll think not of the future now you're here,
Enough for us that you to-night appear.
We hail this meeting in our ancient dome
To hear what Terence erst achieved at Rome,
Whose attic wit still vigorous and warm
Has charmed, still charms you, and will ever charm.
May we maintain the honour of that name
With care Terentian, from old times the same,
Which, as Queen Scholars of aforesaid known,
Stands British, and exclusively our own!
By our Eliza's great command we play
This Roman fable of her ancient day;
Should you be pleased, then we, too, shall rejoice
If you our judges give a fav'ring voice.

Epilogue.

PHÆDRIA and PARMENO.

Ph. What is't you say? It somewhat this way tends,
That Gnatho has deserted his old friends.

Par. Yes, so I've heard.

Ph. Why has he felt inclined
To leave us all at once, and change his mind?
Some richer fruit?

Par. His aim is to impart
A course of lectures on Mesmeric art.

Ph. On Mesmerism! What title's that I trow?
Why called so? State, if you the subject know.

Par. I can't explain; but see he comes! 'tis he,
The great Professor of his Mystery!

Enter GNATHO.

Gna. Why should one man excel another? Why
The difference 'twixt the wise and fool deny?
These questions often rush into my mind—
Most difficult to answer them I find;
I've found a mine by which nor Indian famed
Nor Egypt's race by palmistry, has gained
More wealth and glory than myself I ween,
Or where credulity is greater seen.

Ph. Oh! the man's brass! so sweet upon himself:
Let's put him down—accost the boasting elf.

Ah! Gnatho, hail!

Gna. Ah! Phædria, hope you're well.

Ph. What news in town?

Par. Ah! Gnatho, can't you tell?
What new pursuit?

Gna. A system I devise—
A new invention—I now mesmerize.

Ph. Mesmerize! What's that, and whence its name?

Gna. From Mesmer; formerly well known to Fame.

The glory, honour of his sect was he!

I long to share his popularity;

So I in public, and with his appliance

Now lecture on the subjects of his science,

Which, to be done more properly, I add

And introduce a youth, a clever lad,

Alexis named, in whom I can confide,

On whom, too, my experiments are tried.

Ph. What virtues are there in your system, man?

Gna. Ah! would you peer and pry into my plan?

But come, receive its principles from me.

There is a floating fluid, we agree,

Which circulates with rarest subtlety,

Thro' every body a magnetic source.

Thus, when two bodies meet in the same course,

In more or less degree, 'tis known, they draw

(In quick appliance of my secret law),

A new alternate force which gives and takes,

And powers attractive and repulsive makes.

Thus, when two clouds meet in the ambient air

The electric flame is roused, the lightnings flare.

Par. Or when two rogues intent on mischief meet,

All crimes are rife—fraud, robbery, deceit.

Gna. To understand it, pay, and enter in

My lecture-room, and see the crowd within;

And while a wondering mass sits round about,

I stand before them, and my lecture spout.

A patient 's there: on him I fix my eyes,

Wave my alternate hands in solemn guise;

Withdraw them; then step forward, round about,

Till the same fluid, from myself worked out,

Into his body flows, and there remains,—
A spell o'er all his faculties retains.

Par. I understand his hands are full of holes,
They give the patient Mesmer's flux, poor souls!

Gna. Not so; but when with watching tired I see
His cheeks and limbs assume rigidity;
They may be bent at will, and take what form
The agent likes—as flowers bend to the storm;
Prick with a needle, he feels nought 'tis clear,
A blow disturbs not his unconscious ear;
And he will bear while thus—aye, will he, marry—
Such weights 'twould puzzle Hercules to carry.

Ph. Feels he no wounds?—I do not speak it slighting,
But thus affected Thraso seemed while fighting;
Sometimes they've thoughts sublime, and then we find,
Beyond humanity a force of mind!
With eyes quite closed the patient can see all
That may above, below, around befall,
Far off or near. If one a stone presents,
Or book, he'll tell you, sightless, its contents.
A wooden or a brazen wall alike,
His mind's keen edge thro' both will cut and strike.
Other things, too—

Par. Oh! monstrous! in this guise
Can agents thus affect men's minds and eyes?

Gna. No: many things are needful, well combined,
An aptness and congruity of mind,
That mutually assist—

Par. Assist! deceive
The credulous with humbug, I believe.

Gna. The habit of the body much avails,
Its state, affections, each in turn assails,
And faith in the beholder.

Par. In good sooth,
Ask you for faith from him who seeks a truth?

Gna. Such is my precept;

Ph. Wonderful it seems;
To what advantage tend these self-same dreams?

Gna. Oh, fatal blindness!—oh, degenerate age!
To slight things which should thoughts sublime engage!
Is it not strange, the beautiful and grand
Can scarce attention from the mass command?
Unless 'tis useful to society,

In vain its force or energies we try.
Cease this assault; nor with unworthy hand
Attack a system you don't understand.
Leave all your doubts, come with me, would you know
The truth from falsehood, Phædria.

Ph. I go.
Gna. Lastly, I beg our kind spectators here,
Who with an ancient faith these walls revere,
To try how here Mesmeric influence stands,
By alternation of their joining hands.
Consent Mesmeric (if their joined hands teach)
Into our hearts will their kind humour reach.
Magnetic are those hands—our voices greet ye
For this applause—hear gratefully, *Vale!*

VETUS W.

NECROLOGY.

GECHTER—KRYLOFF—KARATIGINA.

The Paris papers mention the death of a sculptor of distinction in that capital, who has left his name on many of its public monuments—Theodore Gechter.—From St. Petersburg, we hear of the death, at the age of 83, of one of the greatest of Russian poets, M. Kryloff, and of such honours paid to his memory as never private gentleman received in Russia before. The body was placed in a magnificent coffin, clothed in the national costume, and wearing on its brow the laurel-crown of gold given to the poet by the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, on the fifteenth anniversary-day of the publication of his first collection of poems, —and on its breast a bouquet of flowers sent him by the Empress. This coffin was borne by the pupils of the schools and colleges of St. Petersburg, under a canopy of black velvet, embroidered with gold, followed by a crowd of upwards of thirty thousand persons, including ministers of state, generals, artists, *savans*, men of letters, artisans, down to peasants and simple labourers. These, again, were succeeded by five hundred equipages, three belonging to the Emperor; and at the Church of St. Isaac the coffin was received by the Emperor in person, in whose presence the funeral service was performed with pompous ceremonial. Eight generals then bore the body to a funeral car, on which it was carried, followed by the same procession, to the cemetery *extra muros*, for interment. The emperor has ordered a monument in marble, at the cost of the state, to be erected to the memory of the poet. Letters from the same capi-

tal mention an irreparable loss sustained by the Russian stage, in the retirement of its great actress, Madame Alexandra Mikhailovna Karatigina, described as the Mars of St. Petersburg. Madame Karatigina, although an actress, was, at the same time, a *grande dame* of the society of the capital, into which she has now withdrawn;—a fact by which we are reminded of a statement that caught our attention, a few weeks since, in a Dresden paper, professing to give some statistics of the German theatre, and which statement will, we dare say, be a novelty for our readers, as it was for us. According to this account, there are, among the various artists actually attached to the different theatres of Germany, 62 persons—26 male and 36 female—belonging to the class of nobles; all of them rich in patrimonial estate, and led into the dramatic career simply by love of their respective arts.—*Athenæum*.

On Tuesday last, at Liverpool, aged 25, Maria, second daughter of John Smith, Esq., one of the proprietors and editors of the *Liverpool Mercury*.

On the 27th ult., after a short illness, Mary, widow of the late Sir S. Egerton Brydges, Bart., of Denton-court, near Canterbury, aged 75.

GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

WHO WAS JUNIUS?—Perceiving a fine copy of "Junius's Letters," I asked him if he thought those forcible productions were from the pen of Lord Chatham. "Most decidedly not; none of us (for he always spoke of the Pitt family as if he were one of them) ever thought for a moment that they were, and if they had been we should certainly have known it. There is much in them which resembles the peculiarities of Burke; and many of his admirers entertained the opinion so positively that Burke felt himself called upon solemnly to disclaim the imputation. My opinion is, Dr. Wilmot was the author." "Dr. Wilmot!" I reiterated with surprise—"Ay, Dr. Wilmot; no man had better opportunities; he was a good scholar, a sincere Whig, and a most intimate friend of Lord Chatham's. He had many and frequent opportunities of being fully acquainted with everything from his enjoying such an exclusive confidence of George III., which arose from the following singular affair:—George III., when Prince George, fell in love with a beautiful Quakeress of the name of Hannah Lightfoot. She resided at a linendraper's shop at the corner of Market-street, St. James's Market. The name of the linendraper was Wheeler. As the prince could not obtain her affections exactly in the way he most desired, he persuaded Dr. Wilmot to marry them, which he did at Kew Chapel, in 1759—William Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, and Ann Taylor, being the parties witnessing; and, for aught I know, that document is still in existence." "You astonish me!" "Ah, ah; when you have lived as long in the world as I have, you will cease being astonished at anything." —*Conversation with Mr. Beckford.—Colburn's Magazine.*

REMARKABLE OPERATION FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.—The *Medical Gazette* contains a long article from the pens of Dr. Hastings and Mr. Robert Storks, surgeon, descriptive of a remarkable operation for the cure of consumption, by the perforation of the cavity of the lung through the walls of the chest. It consists in making an opening between the ribs into the cavity which forms in the lung during the latter stages of consumption. The immediate effects of the operation (which requires only a few seconds for its performance, and which causes but slight pain) in the case in question was the diminution of the frequency of the patient's pulse, which fell in 24 hours from 120 to 68; freedom of respiration which had been a very distressing symptom; loss of cough and expectoration, both of which had been very severe. This operation, which has established the possibility of curing this hitherto fatal disease, appears to have been completely successful; the report of the condition of the patient a month after its performance being, that he was rapidly regaining his flesh and strength, whilst his respiration had become natural, his pulse had fallen to 80, and his cough and expectoration had wholly ceased. In the article in the *Medical Gazette* the symptoms of the patient before and after the operation are all narrated at length by Dr. Hastings. The operation is described by Mr. Storks, by whom it was performed. We have heard that this operation was tried many years ago, but with little success; the invaluable assistance to be derived from the stethoscope in affections of the lungs being at that time wholly unknown to its originator. It is not surprising, therefore, that it should have fallen into disuse when the surgeon had nothing to guide him to the seat of the disease but pain and increase of temperature.

A gentleman advertises for board in a quiet, genteel family, where there are two or three beautiful and accomplished young ladies, and where his society "will be deemed a sufficiency for board, lodging, washing, and other et ceteras."

CURIOUS BEQUEST.—The *Publicateur d'Arles* states that an old lady, who died lately near that place, and who had always expressed a dread of being interred alive, had left by will a legacy of 600*l.* to the person who should immediately on her death being declared, begin to tickle her feet and continue to do so for the 48 hours which elapse between death and burial, in order that no doubt could be entertained of her being really dead. The maid-servant, who had been apprized of this legacy whilst her mistress was still living, began to tickle her feet the moment her death was declared; but after 18 hours of almost incessant application, was obliged to relinquish the task from exhaustion, and was followed by another person, the two agreeing to share the legacy. The time having expired, and the old lady giving no sign of life, she was placed in her coffin and interred.

The Rev. Mr. Gillespie, of America, in his "Lectures to Young Men on the Formation of character," says very forcibly, "I can't do it" never did anything—"I'll try" has worked wonders—and "I will do it" has performed prodigies.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THE Christmas holidays operate as a suspension of business, and even editors are permitted for one little week to relax their toils and abbreviate leading articles. Fortunately the season has few claims upon attention. The literary news is trifling, and entirely wanting in interest to the Bookseller and the reader. The new year will open with a deluge of cheap publications, many of which must die, and we think we see the fate of some of them pretty plainly stamped upon their countenances, even at their birth. Among the rickety bantlings, as it seems to us, is CHAPMAN and HALL's projected series of original novels at low prices. The experiment has been tried more than once, and failed, and for this reason: the price is just that unhappy point which will secure neither object. The old three-volumed novel at 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* relied upon the Circulating Libraries alone, and calculated upon a small sale at a high price; there is no resting-place between this and such a price as shall command the great body of the public for purchasers; but the public do not buy novels unless they can procure them for a trifle more than the cost of borrowing them. Now CHAPMAN and HALL's scheme unfortunately hovers between the two. Its price is too low to yield a remuneration from a circulating library sale, and too high to tempt the novel reader to buy instead of borrowing; so we predict that it will be a failure.

A bookseller in the United States informs us that the rage for cheap reprints is working there the same evil results to original literature that it is producing here. Living authors, who must be fed and clothed, cannot compete with dead ones, whose works cost nothing to the publisher but print and paper; and the consequence is, that genius finds no encouragement; and literature, in the proper sense of the term, has scarcely a cognizable existence in America; and the same state of things will, ere long, be felt at home.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

BOOKS AS A MANUFACTURE.—We should think that there were few things which would more surprise the unlettered natives of the East than the extent of the book manufacture in Europe, viewed merely as a branch of traffic. We had some time since occasion to advert to the analysis of the *Calcutta Commercial Annual* of Mr. Wilkinson, given by the *Friend of India*, from which the following appeared to be the relative state of the imports of books and millinery betwixt the years 1835 and 1844:—

Years.	Books.	Millinery.
1835-36	188,000	372,000
1836-37	235,000	669,000
1837-38	289,794	505,000
1838-39	237,000	511,000
1839-40	247,000	737,000
1840-41	304,000	1,309,009
1841-42	278,000	1,249,000
1842-43	231,000	1,122,000
1843-44	235,000	1,487,000

From this it appears that the value of books imported in 1844 is only one-fifth—the value of millinery four times greater than it was nine years before—the one standing to the other at the first-mentioned date in the relation of one to three—pretty nearly in the second in the relation of one to seven!—the money expended on literature amounting to 23,500*l.*, on finery to 148,700*l.* Were we to draw conclusions as to the advancement of knowledge all over the world from the state of matters in the capital of India, we should be led to infer that it was rapidly retrogressive; and that every year the sex which rules mankind systematically diminished the proportion of their incomes expended on intellectual cultivation, to permit them to increase that expended on personal decoration.—*India Paper.*

PENSION TO THOMAS HOOD.—We are glad to learn that a pension—from, we believe, the funds of the civil list—has been conferred upon Mr. Thomas Hood, the author of, amongst other things, "The Song of the Shirt."—*Globe.*

A plan has been projected at Vienna, and received with much interest by the booksellers of Berlin, Leipsic, Frankfort, Stuttgart, and other principal German towns, for the establishment, at Philadelphia, of a grand central dépôt for the United States of America, of German Literature, on behalf of the leading publishers of Germany. There are in the United States, it is said, nearly five millions of Germans and no establishment through which they can follow the course of literary publication at home, or procure the works they may desire. To supply this want, and open a new and extensive market, are the objects of this proposed association.

BOOKS RECEIVED,

From Dec. 12 to Dec. 28.

NEW BOOKS.

- Man and Woman; or, Manorial Rights.* By the Author of "Susan Hopley." 3 vols.
Steill's Royal Pictorial Primer.
Views of Canada and the Colonists. By a Four Years' Resident.
The Countess Faristina. By IDA, Countess HAHN HAHN. (Clarke's Cabinet Series.)
The Star of the Court; or, The Maid of Honour and Queen of England, Anne Boleyn. By Miss BUNBURY.
The Life, Progresses, and Rebellion of James Duke of Monmouth. By GEORGE ROBERTS. 2 vols.
Tales of the North American Indians. By BARBARA HAWES.
Points and Pickings of Information about China and the Chinese. By the Author of "Soldiers and Sailors," &c.
The Nature, Grounds, and Claims of Christian Humility. By Rev. H. EDWARDS.
Vital Magnetism; a Remedy. By the Rev. THOMAS PYNE, A.M. Incumbent of Hook.
The Poetical Book of Fate; a merry Pastime for Christmas Parties.
Rees's Diary and Almanac for 1845.
Aristodemus; a Tragedy.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's Vacation Rambles and Thoughts.* 2 vols.
Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book for 1845.
The Juvenile Scrap Book for 1845.
Saul; a Dramatic Sketch, and other Poems.

PERIODICALS.

- Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.* No. I. for January.
George Cruikshank's Table-Book. No. I. for January.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

- No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.
Recreations of Christopher North. Vol. II.
Mrs. Jamieson's Characteristics of Woman.
The Practice of Piety. 1701.
German Tales and Legends. Illustrated by Cruikshank.
Meeson and Welsby's Reports, complete or odd numbers.
The Holie Fryar. Pamphlet, 1692.
Jardine's Naturalist's Library.
Fables in Monosyllables. By Mrs. Trackwell. To which are added *Morals in Dialogue between a Mother and her Children.* London: John Marshall, 4, Aldermanbury Churchyard, Bow-lane.

To Readers and Correspondents.

- C. H. E.—Thanks; but he will see that no immediate change is contemplated.
 L. E. H.—"Christmas Eve" is a creditable beginning; but the writer must labour long and diligently before he will compose poetry fitted for publication.